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The Young Man's Affairs

BOOKS BY CHARLES R. BROWN

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Thomas Y. Crowell Company

The Young Man's Affairs

BY

CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN

AUTHOR OF

"THE SOCIAL MESSAGE OF THE MODERN PULPIT,"

"THE MAIN POINTS," "TWO PARABLES," AND

"THE STRANGE WAYS OF GOD"



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Sixth Thousand

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His Main Purpose

CHAPTER FIRST

His Main Purpose



YOU will agree with me at the outset that no man is apt to arrive unless he has a fairly distinct idea as to where he is going. You can steer a ship that is moving, every part of it brought under the power of some impelling force—even if it is headed wrong it can be turned around. You cannot do anything with a ship that is drifting—it simply lies in the trough of the sea beaten and tossed. You can do almost anything with a young man who is possessed by a purpose. If that purpose in certain particulars is a mistaken one, he can be faced about. But it is hard to do anything with those human derelicts who are just drifting along waiting to see what will happen to them instead of being up and out to make things happen on their own account. In this

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first address to young men, therefore, I shall speak of the vital importance of a definite purpose.

The real purpose organizes the various elements of a man's life for effective action. A pile of steel filings and shavings lying on the floor of a foundry may be fine in quality, they may weigh a ton when put upon the scales, but unorganized they have little value. Organize and weld them into a shaft, attach one end of the shaft to an engine, and the other to a screw propeller, and it will send a mighty ocean liner from New York to Liverpool in five days. Bring all those bits of steel under the organizing power of a purpose and they become effective. In like manner a mind, a heart, a soul, is nothing more than a confused heap of thoughts and wishes, impulses and desires, longings and aspirations, until by the power of a purpose all these are brought into unity and made effective in their thrust toward some worthy fulfilment.

More than that the very fact of a purpose,

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high and fine, far-reaching and commanding, in the heart of a man exercises a potent influence upon the world without. David Starr Jordan likes to say, "The world makes way for the man who knows where he is going." On the crowded sidewalk no one ever thinks of swerving an inch for the dawdler who is just sauntering along to kill time. Everyone is ready to give half the sidewalk or more for the man who shows by his look and bearing that he is bound somewhere with a definite purpose in mind. You will find that the same principle holds good through life—in the busiest bank, in the largest railroad office, in the factories which turn out products by the trainload, in all the learned professions, people are not only willing but eager to make room for the man with a purpose.

I am not disturbed, therefore, when I see young men consumed with impossible ambitions, eaten up with aspirations which may never reach fulfilment, straining every nerve to accomplish what may not be worthy of such an effort. They are in the Freshman

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year, and long before they reach the Senior class in this big University we call human life, they will be straightened out.

I am troubled at the sight of young men who have no definite aims. You will find them in every country town sitting around the railroad station to watch the trains come in and go out, or talking small talk through the livelong afternoon in a grocery store because they have not enough strength of mind to do anything else. You will find them in the city hanging around the cigar stores to watch some man play the nickel-in-the-slot machine, or in the five-cent theaters, or spending afternoons at the "Orpheum" as if they had already attained such success in life that they could afford to spend daylight hours in watching a few people do clever stunts at fifteen or twenty dollars a week. You will find them spending whole afternoons and evenings counting red and black spots, as if nowhere on earth was there anything vital to engage their powers. You will find them looking at print—not reading, let us save

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that good word for honest intellectual effort—and such print as could have no value whatsoever for tomorrow's life. I cannot tell you all the places where you will find them—there is an army of them, some of them earning their own livings after a fashion, some of them still sponging on their fathers or living on money inherited. If you were to ask any one of them, "What is your purpose in life?" he would be utterly nonplussed.

You will find also another type of these purposeless men. They are not dawdlers nor idlers; they have red blood in their veins, quarts of it. They are brim full of energy. There is something doing with them every hour in the day and a good share of the night. They are full of interest and enthusiasm, but the trouble is their lives are as Amiel said, "a mass of beginnings and endings." There is a lack of continuity and of direction; the various elements have not been brought under the mastery of a clearcut, definite purpose. They are "bound nowhere under full sail."

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Dean Swift used to tell this story on himself. He had been out of town and was returning to perform a marriage ceremony. His train was late, and when he reached the station at Dublin it lacked only a few minutes of the hour of the wedding. He ran out and jumped into a jaunting car, calling out to the cabman, "Drive like Jehu! I am late now and have only a few minutes to get there." The man gave his horse a cut and was off down the street in a gallop. The Dean held on with both hands as the little open jaunting car pitched about, and presently called out to the man, "Where are you going?" "I don't know, sir," was the reply; "you didn't say where I was to go, but I'm driving like Jehu."

You will find young fellows in every city, with splendid capacity, able to move through the streets of solid achievement at a telling pace, but no definite word of command has been spoken as yet to their restless activity. They do not know where they are going; there is no compelling purpose behind all

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this show of action. They are merely driving like Jehu with no sufficient aim.

When a man is lost in the woods and wants to get home, the most important question is not, "Am I walking, or running, or riding a fast horse?" The important question is, "Am I faced right? Am I moving straight ahead and not merely circling around and around?" It is imperative that you should have some end in view. You cannot read everything, or buy everything, or enjoy everything, or see everything. You may, if you choose, make the vain attempt, circling around until the best years of your life are gone and you are back where you started. But if you intend to get out of the woods of uncertain and purposeless effort into the open of noble and useful achievement, you must exercise the power of selection, content to leave whole areas off to the right and to the left, as you pursue the commanding purpose of your life.

When you ride across the State of Nebraska on the Union Pacific you are impressed with

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the queer ways of the Platte River. It is a broad, slow, easygoing stream, not carrying a very great volume of water, but spread out thin over a good deal of territory. Because the slant of the country is so slight it has not much movement nor current. In early days when the soil of western Nebraska was even looser than it is now, owing to the scanty vegetation, the Platte sometimes shifted its course for miles within a few days. On Monday morning a man might be encamped upon the north side, but by Saturday night he might be living on the south side without ever moving his tent. How different all that is from the river Columbia flowing strongly between steep, high banks, the only stream that has cut its way through that mountain chain which begins up in Alaska and extends all the way down to the lower end of Mexico. The Columbia shows you that it is a river with a purpose and you know where to find it every day in the year! It is a river that does things!

I would say to every young man, beware of

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that easy versatility which turns readily from one channel to another, from one job to another, from one line of life to something entirely different. If you find yourself equally handy at a dozen different pursuits, it is time you called a halt. When a young man comes to me to discuss his future I ask him, "What do you want to do?" If he replies, "Anything," I am almost as much disappointed as if he had said, "Nothing." Men who are content to do anything will usually be shoved off into some corner to do nothing before they get through. "This one thing I do," said the man who wrote his influence upon the life of his generation more profoundly than any other save the Master whom he served. He was not ready to do anything, but he could do this one thing well.

I have discussed the general importance of having a definite purpose long enough; now what are some of the particular purposes which exercise their mastery over young men?

There is first of all the thought of having a

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good time. "I want to have my full share of the physical and other delights which are open to men." When you find a young fellow in the wrong place he is commonly there because he doesn't want to miss anything—he wants to see life. "I want to have all the amusements and recreations, outdoor and indoor sports, within my reach. I want to read enjoyable books, hear enjoyable music, and see the most enjoyable plays that come to town. I want to have as many social good times as I can. I want to travel and see as much of the world as I may. In a word, I want to enjoy life to the full as far as I can compass it."

This is not an evil purpose in itself. You can put evil things into it just as you can pack pistols and dynamite, or loaded dice and gambler's cards into a good dress-suit case in place of the things that an honest traveler wants to carry. But the purpose to have a good time is not in itself evil. The pursuit of happiness, the gaining of pleasure in the exercise of one's powers, is not only

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permissible, but imperative, if we are to live up to our best. The sour-faced people who cannot eat anything with relish, nor see anything without finding fault with it, nor laugh at anything without apologizing to their consciences, nor take unmodified pleasure in any of the experiences which come, have altogether missed the meaning of life, even though they may be as coldly correct in the performance of certain duties as were the Pharisees of old. Happiness, high, fine, real, is God's own seal upon the right use of our powers. Even the sober old catechism had it right. "The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him"—as the sum of all the forces, realities and opportunities there are—"forever."

But happiness, after all, is an incident and not the main consideration. He that saveth his happiness by aiming for it directly all the time will lose it. He that loseth sight of his happiness in his devotion to certain ends which are fundamental shall find it. If you set out to make your main purpose that of

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having a good time, you will miss other more important things and in the end you will miss the good time itself. The young man who does his work in the store or shop or office thinking more of the evening's pleasures which are at the end of the day than of the work he is doing, will be sitting out somewhere on a big high stool thirty years from now when the young fellow who is thinking more about his work than about the evening's pleasures will be sitting in the directors' meeting deciding whether or not the salary of the other man shall be increased. A good time is not sufficient to furnish a fundamental purpose.

There is also the purpose of making money. "Money talks," and to many people it has the most interesting things to say. It is money that makes possible all those pleasures and amusements. It is money that builds the home and fills it with beautiful furniture and lovely clothing for those we love. It is money that puts books on a man's shelves and pictures on the walls. It is

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money that opens the way for automobiles and yachts and all the rest of it. It is money that makes possible extensive travel, so that a man's consciousness is enlarged and his sympathetic touch with life broadened by his having seen many lands, many peoples, many forms of civilization. "Money is everything," people say, "therefore put money in thy purse."

It is not an evil purpose. It, too, may have evil things packed into it—this is often the case, but it is not necessary. A man who is content to live in poverty when the way is open for him to live in comfort through extra exertion, is either lazy, or foolish, or wicked, perhaps all three. It is a legitimate and laudable ambition to wish to compass the joy and exercise the power that prosperity brings. I am frank to say that it cost me a struggle to go into the ministry, and one of the things which held me back for a long time was the thought that I could never be rich—no minister is ever rich unless he inherits or marries his money. I would urge

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every young man to strive with all his might to succeed financially in order that he may have the joy of providing generously for his own tastes and for the tastes of others who may share in his prosperity.

But the mere purpose of making money is not large enough to have the best energies of a young man's life committed into its keeping. It leaves whole areas of his nature unprovided for. What would you think of a clergyman, or a physician, or a teacher, or a soldier, who confessed to you that his main ambition was to make money. He would be discredited in your eyes at once. Why, then, should the merchant or the manufacturer accept for himself such a fundamental aim? It is because business has not yet been moralized to the same degree as the profession of the ministry or medicine, of teaching or of military life. The day is coming, however, when the ambition to make money unrelieved by worthier aims set over it, will seem so utterly sordid as to make any self-respecting man unwilling to confess such a purpose. Making

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a living is one thing, making a life is quite another thing—it is altogether higher, vaster and more alluring.

There is also the purpose of getting to the front. I wish to succeed, some young man says, and by that I do not mean mere material success. I want to have friends, hosts of them; a nice home and a good family. I want to hold a good place in society. I want to be esteemed by my fellow citizens and have some honorable position in my city, my state, if possible, my nation. I want to accomplish something that men will remember when I am gone, in literature, in the development of the resources of my community, or in charitable and philanthropic effort. I wish to enjoy the gratitude and esteem of my fellow men.

There is no fault to be found with this purpose. Indeed, the young man who has not something of all these purposes is not a normal man. But they do not touch bottom. All these purposes that I have named, to have a good time, to make money, to achieve a worthy success, are legitimate, but subordinate.

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They are the incidentals of right living, but they do not furnish the supreme motive. Let me turn, then, to One who wrought His splendid achievements and made His deep impress upon the life of the race, writing His name above every name, while He was yet young—He was put to death when He was only thirty-three. Let me turn to Him for a purpose which is fundamental.

“I come to do the will of Him that sent me.” He believed that behind all these phenomena there is an intelligent and moral purpose. He believed in God. And He believed that included in that infinite purpose there was a particular purpose for His individual life. He found the essential aim of His own existence in the fulfilment of that purpose which lies behind all we see. I come to act, to think, to grow, to live in the fulfilment of an eternal purpose underlying my life and all lives—here we find an aim worthy to take command of our best strength!

Here we do touch bottom. The doing of the will of Him who sent us will mean in the

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grand outcome a good time of such extent and elevation as eye hath not seen nor ear heard. It will mean gain, treasures of the sort that men lay up in the world of permanent and transcendent values. It will mean getting to the front in an enduring success, which will put the crown of glory on the head of every man who attains. It will include all that is high, fine, lasting in pleasure, knowledge, action and worth. I am here for that!

If you are clear-headed and honest-hearted you cannot stop this side of such an aim when once you begin to think. You must build your life worthily into that universal and eternal plan which lies in the mind and heart of Him who sent you. To do that is to live, and nothing less than that will suffice. Take that as your main purpose and you will never rue it.

*“Greatly begin,
Though thou have time but for a line
Make that one line forever sublime.
Not failure, but low aim is crime.”*

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There are shortsighted men who can see across the street, but they cannot see their way across the field of human effort. They can look ahead for fifteen minutes, but not for fifteen years. You cannot afford to travel in that class. If you catch the vision of this young Man, who came to do the will of the One who sent Him, you will indeed see far ahead. And when once you have accepted His life purpose to do the will of Him who sends you, all your pleasures and associations, all your duties and privileges will become not pools signifying nothing beyond themselves, but flowing tributaries to the main stream of your purposeful life, which, like the river of God, will make glad the whole city of your diversified interests. Take from the lips of the Lord Christ the controlling purpose of your life, and you will live strongly and well and forever!

His Intimates

CHAPTER SECOND

His Intimates



GROUP of friends well chosen, thoroughly trusted and firmly held can bestow upon a young man's life benefits inestimable. The touch and rub of life upon life in the intimacy of a fine friendship serves to bring a man up to a higher level of efficiency.

When a young man goes to High School or College he matriculates not in one school, but in three. I name them in what I believe to be the ascending order of their importance. He goes to school first to his books, his own text books and the books in the library which he may be led to read and those other books to which he may be introduced and thus be inclined to read later.

He goes to school to his instructors—not dry as dust men who merely impart informa-

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tion like the Britannica or teach subjects as some well-oiled pedagogical machine might do, but live instructors, large-minded, great-souled men who make their subjects glow with light and burn with warmth; men who arouse and mature and enrich the whole inner life of the young people who come within the length of their cable tow. One great teacher, Shaler at Harvard, Remsen at Johns Hopkins, Harper at Chicago, Jordan at Stanford, does not take up as much space as a library, but pour him out upon a campus full of young men and he does more to inspire and instruct than all the books in the stack.

In the third place he goes to school to his fellow students. The average young man takes for good or ill, color and odor, direction and aspiration, from his intimates in the fraternity house or on the athletic field, in the class room and in the laboratory, in the easy touch and go of social life, more than from all his books or his professors. This is my own judgment based on many years

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spent in and around universities as student, as lecturer and as the friend of the boys. I could bring you, if I chose, corroboration from more college presidents and professors than I would have time to name in this half hour.

You will find the same thing is true in that larger university where there is a continuous performance of education going on, the university we call "Life." Books speak to the young man who is willing to sit down and listen. The appointed instructors at home, in school, in the church can accomplish much if their work is well done. But after all the young fellow's intimates, the boys and girls, the men and women with whom he associates, by their prevailing moods, by the purposes which really dominate their lives, by the atmosphere they carry, exercise the most potent influence of all. "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth," or dulleth, "the countenance of his friend." You may ruin a razor permanently with a file in five minutes; so the fine edge of character may be speedily

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nicked or turned by those powerful personal influences which emanate from intimate association.

You cannot afford then to drop into your friendships as an apple drops from the tree into green grass or filth as the case may be because it cannot choose. You cannot afford to drift into a certain set of associates by force of circumstances as if you had no power to steer your intimacies. There are eighty millions of people in this country to go no further—you cannot know them all and you would not want to if you could. There are more than two hundred thousand people in this town—you can only know a small percentage of that number intimately. You must choose, therefore, and if you would have the mighty power of intimate association a help and not a hindrance, you must choose wisely.

It requires thought and care to develop a fine friendship. It will not grow of itself like a weed—it is an orchid, rare, beautiful, costly. Luther Burbank in producing new

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and useful forms of flower and fruit found there was no way by which pollen could be applied and made effective in certain cross-fertilizations except by his own bare, skilled hand. No tool, no machine, no wind of chance would accomplish it. It required the touch of his own personal life. You cannot fashion the friendships you need by the wind of chance or by the coarse mechanism of conventional social life or by the rude accident of business relations—the bare touch of your own mind and heart going forth in the process of thoughtful, conscientious selection is needed if you would know intimacy with your fellows at its best.

I make it a point to urge every young man to make a great many friends in early life. You need them now and you will need them still more as the years go. Some will die. Some will remove from your vicinage. Some, Alas! will disappoint you. It is good to know a great many people and out of them select a number of real friends so that as you grow older you will not be left alone, for

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you will find there are no friendships like those which are formed in early life. If you are to be a salesman, a banker, a lawyer, a doctor or a man with political aspirations, the more friends the better. And all aside from the advantage which will come to you in your chosen work, the very esteem and confidence of many people will in the end bring enlargement and enrichment to your own heart.

You hear the expression "selfmade man." It is a useless phrase—there is none such. If there ever were, they are an extinct race now like dodos. In every successful life, parents, teachers and friends, writers, speakers and singers, actors, preachers and all the rest, have made their deposits of influence. The strong life grows rich as the bank does by having many people flow up to it and make some deposit in it. The main point is to see to it that their deposits are good money and not counterfeit, for the more you live the more you will take from those with whom you associate.

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That ancient ecclesiastical ceremony called "the laying on of hands" in the ordination of a young man to the Christian ministry was a beautiful testimony to the power and contagion of personal influence. It was not intended to be a magical thing as if when the Bishop and elders laid their hands upon the head of the candidate some mysterious influence passed making him now competent to instruct men in righteousness or minister the comfort of divine grace. It was the outward and visible sign of something inward and spiritual. The young man, be he ever so energetic, brainy and devout, could not go forth and succeed in his own strength. He must receive from men as well as from God—from God mainly through men—those potent and holy influences which would mature and enrich his own power to serve. In forming your own intimacies let the hands of many wise and good men be laid upon you early, repeatedly, continuously that you may be ordained to a splendid life of honor and usefulness.

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In making choice of those intimates, I would suggest a few principles. Friends, the more the better and they may cover a wide range! Intimates, not very many and these selected with the greatest care! I know a great many people around this Bay, all sorts and kinds; some of them are drunkards, liars, libertines, thieves. They count me a friend and I am profoundly glad to have it so. I think now of a young fellow whom I know well who showed himself a thief repeatedly, but he is pulling up out of it to-day splendidly and I look forward to the hour when he will stand forth, honest and true, able to look the whole world in the face. I know a great many people, but my intimates, the men and women whose lives come close to my own, to whom I open my mind and heart freely, are not drunkards and libertines, liars and thieves. I want my intimates to be of another sort.

You can be on good terms with a great many people whose fundamental attitude toward life does not match your own. You cannot

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afford to be on intimate terms with a man who is lacking in reverence, in unimpeachable honesty, in profound respect for womanly purity or in definite, serious purpose. These are the four cardinal attitudes, toward God, toward the truth, toward woman, toward oneself. You cannot afford to have intimates lacking in reverence, in honesty, in purity, in purpose. The color and the odor such men leave would cling to you also. You need for intimates those who are clearly and strongly on the side of right.

It is well to cut out at the start all those friendships which require champagne glasses and beer steins to keep them going. There is nothing useful to be gotten out of such intimacies. You cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs from thistles. A great company of enthusiastic young fellows with just as much cleverness and just as little experience of life as you have, believed they could. They tried it out to a finish and they came forth not with grapes or figs, but with their hands, their minds and their hearts full of

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ugly briers rapidly developing into festering sores. It cannot be done—the experiment has been fully made and there is no need for you to waste your time and money and good name in making it again.

It is just as well to cut out of your list of intimates the young fellow whose main purpose seems to be to spend as much time as possible in and around automobiles. The auto is a good servant when it is under the control of skill and conscience. It is a terrible menace to life and property when the steering gear is wanting or out of order and it runs uncontrolled. It is a terrible master when it wields such a fascination over the heart and purse of a young man who thinks of it by day when he ought to be working with all the strength of mind he can bring to bear and then spends the hours needed for sleep in devoting himself to it by night. The average garage is not a place of light and leading—it has been the pathway downward for a considerable number of young men who “might have been.” That is all they will

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ever be now—"might have beens." Young fellows are being tricked out of their futures by this new device with speed and smell which we call an automobile. You can afford to cut out of your list of intimates the young men afflicted with serious cases of "autophobia"—they will never be heard from in any favorable way in the great round up.

It is just as well to cut out those friends who live uniformly in the flippant mood. Fun is as wholesome in its way as food. The sense of humor is as necessary as the sense of honor to make up a complete man. But it is to be regarded always as the spice of life, the pepper, mustard and cinnamon, not the roast beef, or the bread and potatoes on which we live. Life as a whole, when you add it all up and strike a trial balance, is not funny. It is serious business and the flippant chap misses all the finer phases of it. The world does not put into his keeping its more valued interests. The joker is not the best card in the pack except by an artificial rule and in all the better games it is thrown out

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altogether. Many a young fellow has turned himself down flat and hard and finally by being "too flip." He learned it in circles of intimates where flippancy was regarded as the main excellence. Many a girl has giggled herself out of all possibility of marrying a man who could have given her position, honor, enrichment, enduring happiness—such men do not take machines to their homes whose records are all flippant talk and giggle.

You need friends who by their finer insight and their hidden faith idealize you. They take you as they know you, as you are, but behind you, within you, and above you, they see another possible man. They are looking eagerly and waiting patiently for that man to emerge. By their expectation and their faith they help him out into the world. They are constantly saying what the master of the house said in the parable, "Friend, go up higher." You discover yourself anew in their very attitude toward some of your rawness and inexperience—you long to make the re-

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ality match with their faith in your capacity. It is deadly in the long run not to have that quality in our friends. "I do enjoy spending the evening with Fannie," one young fellow said to another; "she always makes me feel so satisfied with myself." Yes, there are Fannies innumerable sitting invitingly on the sofas here and there, but the only qualities which they call out in the young men who take that easy road are not the best that is in them.

No young man ever grows strong until people begin to take stock in him, believe in him and honor him by their friendship. It is like the call of God to enter upon a nobler life—it is the call of God, for God speaks most commonly through men. You know the story of Burns and Sir Walter Scott. Burns was twelve years older than Scott and coming into his fame early had made his name one to be conjured with in Scotland when Sir Walter was unknown. One night at the home of a friend Burns found some lines written on a slip of paper and pinned under a portrait.

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When he inquired as to the author, the name of Scott was whispered to him. He went to the young man and with that great warm heart, which has won him friends everywhere the sun shines, said, "You will be a great man in Scotland, my lad; you have it in you to be a writer." Scott, a timid, tow-headed, awkward boy went home and cried all night for joy at the recognition he had received from the famous poet. And the confidence of the older man, his expectancy on behalf of his youthful friend, aided in calling him forth into a splendid career.

You need those maturer friendships with both men and women which may be yours if you will have it so. You are missing the mark if you think that men with a little gray hair showing above their ears have no taste for the friendship of young fellows whose use of the razor at present is a matter of expectant faith rather than of immediate necessity. The older man knows all you know and a lot besides. He has felt all you feel and his memory is keener than you think; he

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can enter into it sympathetically and take your point of view until he shows you a better one in a way that would amaze you. The professor at the head of the department where you are studying; the man of affairs at the head of the bank or the department store where you work; the man of wisdom on your street whom you could know if you would—nine out of ten of these men crave closer contact and more open friendship with the young fellows if those chaps did not seem to shy off whenever an older man makes a move toward them.

The best friend any young man has among women is his own mother unless she has made herself unworthy to wear that title of honor. But he may be away from home or his mother may be dead—then it is good to have friends among women who have lived longer than has the girl with the pink cheeks and the blue ribbons. The young fellow who cannot enjoy himself in talking with any woman unless she is five years younger than he is and is possessed of a pretty face and a slen-

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der waist, is not all there. The friendship of noble women where it is all in the clear, open and above board is a splendid privilege.

I feel as you do that those married women who, for the sake of having the excitement of lovemaking prolonged, take advantage of the security of their position to keep dangling after them a lot of young fellows whose Platonic friendship is always just on the verge of becoming something else—I feel that they ought to be hooted out of decent society. The young men who do the dangling are soft-headed, sappy, cowardly fools, but the married woman is a sneak and a cheat. I mean nothing of that sort, but the friendship of a noble woman, nobly enjoyed has power to change the prose of life into poetry and the water into wine. All his aspirations and yearnings may, because of her ennobling influence, take on a higher value.

I would like to say a word to young men and to older people as to the high privilege and imperative duty of opening the door to these

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maturer friendships. Dr. James I. Vance basing his computations on the census report of 1900 claims that in any American city of over one hundred thousand inhabitants one-fifth of the population will be young men between the ages of sixteen and thirty. In the city where I live that would make forty thousand young men. Cut it in two if you think that is too high and we have twenty thousand young men here, with a large percentage of them away from home. What an opportunity! What a responsibility!

In a recent address of Bishop Hughes he spoke of a deacon in a certain Congregational church in Boston, who many years ago said to himself, "I cannot speak in prayer meeting. I cannot do many other things in Christian service, but I can put two extra plates on my dinner table every Sunday and invite two young men who are away from home to break bread with me." He went along doing that for more than thirty years. He became acquainted with a great company of young men who were at-

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tending that church, and many of them became Christians through his personal influence. When he died recently he was to be buried at Andover, thirty miles distant, and because he was a well-known merchant a special train was chartered to convey the funeral party. It was made known that any of his friends among the young men who had become Christians through his influence would be welcomed in a certain car, set aside for them! And a hundred and fifty of them came and packed that car from end to end to honor the memory of the man who had preached to them the gospel of the extra dinner plate!

"I was a stranger and ye took me in"—it was Christ who spoke in that vein in His portrayal of the great judgment scene. He lifted the grace of kindly hospitality to the same high level of service rendered to the hungry and the imprisoned. He exalted that form of thoughtful kindness and made it forever significant by insisting that inasmuch as it had been done to the least among the

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strangers in a great city it had been done unto Him.

I have been speaking thus far of human friendships. There is another Friend of a higher order whose intimate fellowship you cannot afford to miss. It was Lord Chesterfield, cold, critical, skeptical, but a past master in the fine art of social intercourse, who said to his son, "After all there has been but one perfect gentleman—the one born in Bethlehem of Judea." If you are not ready to construe the terms of your own relationship to the Saviour of men in any other form, put it in the form of personal friendship. He phrased it so. He said, not to a group of aged saints waiting for nightfall, but to a group of young men eager, active, full-blooded, with their careers before them, "I call you not servants, I call you friends." Take it in that form if you will. Stand before the world declaring by the whole purpose and method of your life that you are a friend of Jesus Christ, loyal to Him, yoking your life with His for the accomplishment of

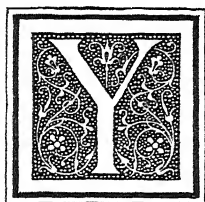
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certain desires which you hold in common! His friendship accepted, rejoiced in and expressed through useful service will be rewarding and ennobling beyond any other single influence which may affect your life.

His Books

CHAPTER THIRD

His Books



YOU will find these words in a letter written to a young man by his friend, by an older man who was always urging upon him the importance of sound and thorough intellectual development as well as a life of integrity — “When thou comest bring with thee the books, especially the parchments.” It is one of many such injunctions. “Neglect not the gift that is in thee.” “Give attention to reading.” “Study to show thyself a workman that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth” — separating the vital and essential from that which is mere ornament and trimming. And now as the young man sets out for Rome, where the older man was in prison, he is asked to bring with him materials for further study.

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Any book that is worth carrying to Rome, any book that is worthy of being taken into the capital and center of a man's own mind and heart ought to be one into which some large mind, some great soul has put its best. Here is a book that is worth while; into it some serious, resourceful, aspiring man has put his truest thought, his deepest insight, his highest resolve, his holiest yearning!

It may be history or biography, poetry or philosophy, travel or romance, science or religion—I care not if it comes from the hand, the mind, the heart of a master! It will stretch my mind and stir my heart as I strive to take its message into my life. “Bring it to me,” I say to my purse or to the attendant in the library, or to the friend who will loan it! I need it as Paul of old felt the need of the books and parchments which were carried to Rome.

A really great book is alive. Cut it anywhere and it will bleed. You cannot tell me that bugs and worms which crawl on people and make them jump have life and that books

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which move and fire the hearts of men to noble aspiration, to heroic duty, are without life. If you should say so, you would have to enlarge your definition of life so that it would include not only the things which are seen and temporal, but those unseen things which are eternal.

When the nerves of an invalid are scant of life the surgeons today can open the veins of some strong, healthy, vigorous nature and by transfusion of blood save life and restore health. In the same vital way when you take up the book of some large, wise, healthy soul who ranks among the immortals, and possess yourself of it, making it your own by reading it until you see as he saw, feel what he felt, aspire as he aspired before you, you have accomplished that mental transfusion which is the highest phase of reading.

When I get close to any young fellow, therefore, I always feel like asking him in a whisper, confidentially of course, "Can you read?" I do not mean merely taking a page of print and pronouncing the words, some

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of them right and some of them wrong. Almost anything that walks on two feet and has hands can do that—the percentage of actual illiteracy is small in this country. But can you read and know what it is all about and how it bears on other things you have read? Can you see three things on a page separately with close discrimination and then see them in their mutual relations so that you can organize them? Can you organize other groups of three with them until you build up an intellectual system? Can you read in such a way that it makes you think and finally produce something with the look and taste of your own mind upon it? Can you read history, biography, poetry, fiction, science or religion until you know man's ways in the large, his gait and general direction; so that you can strike the trail of human progress anywhere and follow it? It is a great accomplishment to be able to read—one young fellow in a hundred perhaps takes pains to learn how to read, and he will be heard from.

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You will see young fellows who think they are reading — they are looking at print. They will sit and look at the print in some bulky, flabby Sunday paper for an hour, for three hours, perhaps, or at *Munsey* and the *Black Cat*; or at some poor, flashy novel which today is yelling at us from the news-stands, a month from now is being put aside because people are not asking for it, and a year from now is never mentioned because no one can remember that he ever read it. You see young fellows looking at that sort of print for hours on Sunday or through whole evenings. They merely want something to lean their feeble minds upon to save them from the effort of thinking. This is not reading — there is no transfusion of life-blood taking place. Why spend your time on inferior stuff when there is so much first-class material within your reach unread!

I deplore the intemperate newspaper habit into which so many people fall. It leads to intellectual degeneracy. Ninety-nine one-hundredths of all that appears in the daily

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papers is the thinnest kind of gruel; it is diluted thought, diluted in a way to make the extreme homeopath who puts one little pill the size of a birdshot in a bucket of water, advising his patient to take a teaspoonful once in four hours, turn green with envy.

Every man who lives in town must read the daily papers. I take two, one morning and one evening, but ten minutes a day is ample to possess myself of all they contain for me unless something of unusual interest has transpired. I take nine of the best weekly papers I know, covering a wide range from the strictly theological to a labor union Journal—fifteen minutes on an average is more than enough for each one. I take some monthly magazines, and they, too, can be rapidly read. The best reading is not to be found in the daily, which today is and tomorrow morning kindles the fire or is wrapped around the laundry bundle. Read books instead of spending so many hours on papers, if you would be strong, for the man who has something to say worth while will

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not be satisfied until he has said it in a book that will last.

I spoke last week on the value of personal association with the right sort of friends. I firmly believe that there is nothing on any printed page equal to the same word made flesh where this is accessible. But books open to us a wider range of association. All lands, all periods, all levels of society are open to us through literature. The house I have lived in since I came to California thirteen years ago is a modest affair when you walk past and look at it from the outside. But kings and queens, poets and prophets, saints and seers, heroes and martyrs have been living with me there. Men and women who have been doing things, political things, commercial things, things scientific and things religious, have given me the benefit of personal acquaintance with them there in my home.

I have heard Tennyson sing at my own fireside! I have heard Burke and John Bright, Webster and Wendell Phillips move the people by their matchless orations! I have heard

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Macaulay describe the trial of Warren Hastings and Carlyle picture the tragedies of the French Revolution, and James Anthony Froude make Julius Cæsar live before me as a fellow man. I have had Dickens and Anthony Trollope tell me stories which stretched out for weeks, and made me feel as if I had lived in Old England for years together. I have heard Bushnell and Beecher, Robertson and Phillips Brooks preach.

I know all these people ever so much better than I know many of the people who live a block away on my own street. Speak the word "Lincoln," or "Bismarck," or "Gladstone"; speak the word "Shakespeare" or "Milton"; speak the word "Darwin," or "Huxley," or "Agassiz" and they are not words, they are men! I never saw any one of them—most of them were dead before I was born—yet through the medium of books they have come to me and I have spent whole evenings in their companionship until a splendid share of the inspiration they hold has passed into my own mind and heart.

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Enlarge your book shelves and you enlarge your house—you enlarge your life if you read books and make them your own by vital assimilation. You go back and live in all those great periods of history. You go and live in other lands which you have never visited as yet. I have gone with Sven Hedin on his travels until the Desert of Gobi and the high table lands of Thibet are real to me—not as real as Lake Tahoe, Yosemite and Kings River Canyon, but they are on the map of my daily consciousness. I have gone far north with Nansen, Andre and other intrepid explorers until that country of perpetual snow lives around me. I have penetrated the darkest parts of Africa with Livingstone, Stanley and Stevens until I could hear the roar of the lions and see the huge amphibious beasts and watch the little pygmies living among the trees. Read what is worth while with patience, concentration, continuity and it builds your life out and up as no amount of hasty scanning of popular trash can ever do.

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But I wish to offer some concrete suggestions to young men about the use of books. First of all, read mainly the great books. When I walk through a large department store or along the street in front of the shop windows I always feel thankful that there are so many things in this world that I do not want. In the great libraries where the "stacks" hold hundreds of thousands of volumes, I always feel happy in thinking that there are carloads of books that I have no call whatever to read. You can only read a few of all the books there are at best, and for men generally, making exception of the groups of specialists, there are not so many truly great books but that you can read the most of them.

Read some of the great histories—Gibbon's *Rome*," and then this new history of the Empire by Ferrero, which is just coming out. Read Macaulay's *"England,"* and Green's *"Short History of the English People."* Read Bancroft's *"History of the United States,"* and John Fiske's fascinating

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volumes on our early history. Read the other standard histories, giving you the movements of thought and life in many lands and times.

Read some of the great biographies, Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," Boswell's "Life of Johnson" for a picture of London life in that fruitful period; John Morley's "Life of Gladstone," Nicolay and Hay's "Life of Lincoln," which is in reality a history of the whole Civil War. Read the well-known lives of the men who have actually made history by their personal achievements. Read the best of the essayists, Carlyle and Emerson, Ruskin and Matthew Arnold. Read the great poets, not the little rhymesters whose stuff is only fit to be set to ragtime and sung at the Orpheum—read Shakespeare and Milton, Burns and Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning until their best poems are like familiar songs to you. I spent a number of years on Shakespeare, reading one play a week, marking it, committing certain lines to memory and then going over it all again

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until the entire play had become familiar. Nothing ever did so much for my own style in writing and speaking as this.

Read the nature books by master hands, not those by fakirs or apprentices—Thoreau and John Burroughs, John Muir and Henry Van Dyke. Read the great novelists—Dickens and Thackeray, George Eliot and Anthony Trollope—their stories never grow old. I have forty odd volumes of Anthony Trollope on my own shelves, and have read most of them three or four times—his easy, entertaining style and his realistic sketches of English life render his volumes rewarding. Read the best modern story writers, Kipling and Stevenson and Conan Doyle. I read “Treasure Island” every year and I cannot see but that I enjoy it as much as I did when it first came out. When you have formed the habit of living with the leading minds in any department of literature, cultivating their acquaintance until you are on good terms with them all, the work of the penny-a-liners does not appeal to you.

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In the second place read thoroughly on some one period of the world's life until you actually live in it. Read the history of it until you have the requisite setting. Read biographies of the great men of that period. Read the poetry which came forth then as an expression of its life. Read any great novels which dealt with the issues of that day. Read some good book of travel describing the situation, if you have never seen it yourself. By and by that section of the life of your race will have become a part of your own inner consciousness as much as the life of your own locality and generation. In that way you gradually possess yourself of those elemental and instinctive convictions, sentiments and aspirations which underlie all human progress.

Some years ago I set out to familiarize myself with that period in our own history which led up to the Civil War. I read a general history of it. I read the orations of Garrison and Phillips, Webster and Hayne, Calhoun and Sumner. I read all the lives of Lincoln there were, Nicolay and Hay, Hern-

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don, Holland, John T. Morse, Tarbell, and all the rest. I read Horace Greeley's "American Conflict," Jefferson Davis' "History of the Confederacy," Pollard's "Lost Cause," "The History of the Civil War" by the Count of Paris. I read the sermons of Beecher and Theodore Parker during that period. I reread Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Lowell's and Whittier's anti-slavery poems. I read the words of the popular songs and national airs which were then produced. A friend of mine had a complete file of the *Boston Journal* for the four years from 1861 to 1865 containing the letters of Charles Carlton Coffin as a field correspondent. I used to go up to his attic, and laying the big volumes on the floor, stretch out beside them and read for hours. I read Charles A. Dana's and Carl Schurz's letters for the same period. By and by that whole section of our history which was a living thing to the generation preceding my own became also a living thing to me. Once when I was asked on short notice to prepare

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an address for an important occasion on "The Greatest Man of the Nineteenth Century," it did not take me five minutes to decide on my man, and it was not difficult to prepare the address out of the material ready to hand as a result of my long and serious reading upon that period.

Take any fertile section of the life of the race, the Reign of Queen Elizabeth in England, the period covered by the struggle of the Netherlands against Spain, the time of Napoleon in France, or the work of Bismarck in Germany. Resolve that you will make it your own by working at it until those events, the leading men and women, the literature of that day, the bearing of the achievements upon the history of the world and the progress of the race, are all as vivid to you as something which happened last night. It will be worth ten years of desultory reading for the sake of amusement, or merely as a mode of innocently passing the time.

In the third place, read as often as you can

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with some definite purpose in view. There is in this community a certain club which has been in existence more than forty years. It is a very simple affair, made up of thirty odd members. They meet once in two weeks during nine months in the year, eat a plain dinner together, for which two members of the club pay in turn. Then one man reads a paper on some topic of his own choosing and the members, called upon in turn, discuss it. The meetings of this Berkeley Club are always full of interest and profit. There are in its membership a few college professors, two or three manufacturers, several lawyers, a physician or two, a journalist, two bankers, several men in wholesale business, two men high in the civil life of the state and the nation, three clergymen. It is an inspiration to know the men who compose it, and it is a serious responsibility to read a paper for their criticism and discussion. It was my good fortune last summer to spend some weeks in Russia. When I came away, while all the scenes there were fresh

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in my mind, I started in to read up on that country. I had considerable leisure, for I was on a leave of absence. I read books by the armful—a history of Peter the Great, a life of Catharine the Second, the history of Napoleon's campaign, for I had traversed the road of his retreat from Moscow; various accounts of the political methods in Russia; criticisms of their art and music; treatises on their prison system in Europe and Siberia. I read more of Tolstoi, of Gorki, of Sienkiewicz. It was all full of absorbing interest and I carefully took notes upon it! When it came my turn last week to read a paper before the club I described, I found it natural and easy to present the results of my special study and travel in the Russian Empire.

It would be highly advantageous if there were groups of young men organized for similar ends in all our cities. The expense would be slight, the meetings of such clubs could be made full of interest and profit. It would be a great advance upon the Whist

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Clubs and other social organizations which eat up time and money to so little purpose. It would train each man to read with a definite purpose in view, and to acquire efficiency in saying something tersely, strongly and attractively. If each man read with the thought of bringing the results of his own independent and original investigation before a company of his peers, it would stimulate intellectual effort in the whole relation he sustains to the world of books.

And finally, read books not so much to gain information—you can get that as you need it at any time, for it is all there, cut and dried, in the encyclopedia; read not to get ideas, but read mainly to gain intellectual and moral stimulus. Read in this mood and the great books will increasingly enable you to think out your own ideas.

One soon tires of a book that does not make him feel now and then like getting up and walking the floor under the impulse of some larger vision of truth. He wants a book which will arouse and move him. If it fails

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utterly in that he soon lays it aside and seeks something else.

Take four books which have appeared recently—Professor George H. Palmer's "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," the former president of Wellesley College; Professor Francis G. Peabody's Yale Lectures on "Jesus Christ and the Christian Character"; Professor Rauschenbusch's "Christianity and the Social Crisis"; Robert Hunter's "Poverty." These are all recent books; any one of them would move you deeply; any one of them would be found worthy of a place on your shelves.

Let me speak also these two last words—you cannot afford in the face of the noble, inspiring, stimulating books there are to read, to waste time on a weak book or a bad book. The decadent novels and problem plays—I know they deal with certain phases of life. So does my garbage barrel! I have one in my back yard, but I do not care to eat out of it, and I do not want it in my study. Why nose around among rotten apples for a pos-

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sible good bite when there are whole boxes of splendid red-cheeked fruit standing alongside! I do not want to read a book that leaves a bad taste in my mind any more than I want to eat a spoiled oyster which leaves a bad taste in my mouth.

In your reading you will be stupid if you do not learn to read, to understand and to enjoy the greatest book, not of one period, but of all the centuries. I say this not because it is the proper thing for a clergyman to say, but simply because it is true. I have read books by the thousand and there is no single volume which has yielded me so much in cultivating a good style, in stimulating thought, in shaping principle and in lifting the ideals high as the Holy Bible.

If I were told that I were to be set down on an island with only one book for the rest of my life, the choice would be instantly made. Where is there any other single volume which has in it orations like those of Moses and Isaiah, songs like those of David, a drama like that of Job, such well told stories as

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those of Joseph, Samson and Ruth, such shrewd moral sayings as are contained in the Book of Proverbs, such masterly letters as those of Paul and John! And there is nowhere on earth a volume containing such parables and pictures, such appeals to the will and such profound spiritual insights as we find in the recorded words of Him who spake as never man spake.

If you find the Bible dull, you haven't learned to read it! If you say you do not believe in it, you do not know what is there! Read it not because it will please God in some magical way—read it because the thoughts and feelings, the purposes and aspirations which it will put into your mind and heart will renew your life as by the transfusion of blood. It will make you wise unto moral completeness; it will furnish you thoroughly for every good work; it will give you life abundant and eternal.

His money

CHAPTER FOURTH

His Money



HERE are four kinds of people in the world. There are the poor poor. They have no money, and they have nothing else in the way of intelligence, aspiration and affection to make life worth while. There are the rich poor—they have no money either to speak of but they have thoughts, loves, activities, appreciation for and joy in the sky, the hills, books, friends and God. Some of the happiest people I have ever known were rich poor people. There are the poor rich—they have money, lots of it, and nothing else. When you ask “How much are they worth,” if you mean how much are the things they own worth, the answer might stretch out into six or seven figures. But if you mean how much are they worth by virtue of the qualities of mind and

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heart they can show, they do not inventory very large. Then there are the rich rich—they have money and they have aims, purposes, interests, which make life full, sweet and noble. It is well to look over the field at the start and decide in which class you propose to live.

Money is stored up life. If you work hard for a day and receive five dollars for it, that gold piece is so much of your own life expressed in terms which all the world understands. You have put into it energy, intelligence, fidelity if you really earned the gold piece—it is that much of your life! And you can make it minister to your life in a legitimate reaction. The gold piece will put food in your mouth to repair waste, it will put a hat on your head, or offer books to your mind, or travel to your wish for a broader outlook and experience. You cast your effort on the waters and the gold piece brings it back to you in some other form which you prize.

You can if you will make your gold piece

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minister to other lives, education for the child, medical attendance for the sick, comfort for the needy—it will mean life for each one. You can also relate yourself to the activities of men through your gold piece. If you spend it in a saloon, you start other men to making beer and whiskey and keeping grog shops. If you spend it in a gambling den, or brothel, you swell the demand for those forms of vice to the extent of your gold piece. If you spend it for groceries or clothing or books, you start men to producing those wholesome articles. You have power over the whole world of activity to the extent of your gold piece. Money, therefore, represents the deposit of life, a potential ministry to life, and the power to quicken and enlist the energies of other lives.

You see then how vital is the relation between money and manhood. When I see piled up in the mint or in some large city bank hundreds and thousands of dollars in gold, I feel like taking off my hat. Here is that into which great numbers of men have put their

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lives! Here is that which would minister to the development and enlargement of life on a broad scale. Here is power to start into being activities hurtful or helpful to many lives. Never speak slightly or scornfully of money—it is the mark of an ignoramus or a rascal. Money and manhood are bound up together for weal or for woe.

There are four relationships which a young man sustains to money. First of all he relates himself to it by the money he earns—earn it honestly. I take it for granted that every young fellow who had strength enough of mind to come here tonight is either earning his own money or intends to earn it. If by any chance some parasite has come in, who is content to have his father or other rich relative give him money, or who is merely waiting for that relative to die and leave him all he needs, it is hardly worth while for me to waste powder and shot on him. He does not come within the definition anyhow—I am speaking to *young men*, and he is neither young nor a man, no matter

His Money

when he was born or what kind of clothing he wears.

It is the office of young manhood so to invest its strength as to bring forth an equivalent, so to serve that it earns what it has. Any young man who is not intent upon that effort as soon as he can get in shape for it, is denying his youth and his sex. In the town where I grew up a certain man who had sound health, a fine mind, an honest heart and a rich father, was bewailing the fact that he had not amounted to anything. "The best thing my father could have done for me," he said once, "would have been to have given me half a dollar and then kicked me into the street." His friend replied, "George, why didn't you take the half dollar and kick yourself into the street?" Earning his way would have made a man of him but he saw it only after it was too late.

Earn your own money then if you would make it a ministry to manhood. Never think of sitting around waiting to inherit it—it is

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the mark of a decadent. Never think of setting out to marry it. It may be well enough to marry a woman with a fortune thrown in if your own honest affection happens to steer you that way, but it is disgraceful to marry a fortune with a woman thrown in. A man who sells himself is as much lower than the girl on the street who sells herself as he is stronger than she. And the man who does not know the joy of taking the girl of his choice to the home which his own energies have provided, even though it is no more than a three-room cottage, and then of caring for her until he can give her all manner of advantages, misses half the joy of life. If he is compelled to have all these good things paid for by her rich papa, he is deprived of a large element of the sweetness which goes with married life. Earn your own happiness, if you would find it satisfying.

Earn your own money, I say, by honest effort—beware of the short cuts. These “get rich quick” schemes rob about ninety-nine people out of a hundred of their money

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—some promoter gets it. And the one man out of the hundred who makes money commonly loses his own soul in the process of getting something for nothing. The man who whispers in your ear some rare opportunity in copper stock or in mining shares or in some invention which is to make everybody wealthy, ought to be in better business. You had better show him the door while you still have your money in your pocket and an honest purpose in your heart.

Earn it—don't gamble for it, either at the race track or poker table, the bucket shop or through buying stocks on margin! You cannot afford to have any bastard dollars in your pocket—they are as disgraceful to you as illegitimate children. You ought to be able to feel that every dollar has come to you by the investment of energy, intelligence, fidelity. You must feel that you have given some valuable equivalent, which cannot be said of any dollar won through gambling.

Jerry McAuley, who saw the seamy side of life in New York for a long period of years,

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used to say—"I have seen drunkards become sober, hundreds of them, thieves become honest and libertines become pure, but I could count all the gamblers I ever saw reform, on the fingers of one hand." Shun the whole dirty business of gambling as you would shun leprosy. You cannot afford to carry a piece of money in your pocket which is not clean.

Earn it—do not steal it! It ought not to be necessary to say that here in a Christian church nearly forty centuries after God said from the top of Mount Sinai—"Thou shalt not steal." It is necessary! My experience of twenty years in the ministry dealing with boys and young men, having them confide in me and appeal to me to help them out of terrible situations, has led me to know that when I stand before any congregation like this, there are young fellows present who are stealing from their employers. That young fellow is here to-night—several of him. The only salvation is for him to stop now, make restitution, and begin to walk so that he can

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look God and man in the face whenever his accounts are audited.

A prominent minister in a large Eastern city picked out twenty of the leading business men and addressed to them this question, "What is the greatest need of the business world today?" And when the replies came back every man of them, with not a single exception, said "Personal honesty." They knew something of the stealing which is going on. Let me appeal to you as one who has heard the voices of boys and young men tremble and break in their confessions, who has seen their faces ashy white over what they feared was in store for them, who has watched them with their minds intent on State's Prison, wondering if they would soon be there—let me appeal to you, "Never lose out of your own heart the horror of taking what is not yours!" When you first begin to borrow money out of the drawer you intend to put it back—they all do—and perhaps for a time you do put it back. The first time you take it out of the drawer it costs

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you a struggle. The horror of stealing, however, is dimmed by that practice; by-and-by it fades out altogether; and under temptation you at last become actually and deliberately a thief. Earn your money honestly—there is no joy in any other sort of wealth.

In the second place a young man relates himself to money by what he spends—spend it conscientiously! Of all the fool ambitions which sometime have their hour with young men that of being known as “a good spender” is the emptiest. The young fellow who lets his money slip through his fingers easily, recklessly; the man who robs his employer, perhaps, in order to have plenty of automobile rides and road-house suppers, and then rides to prison to think it over for a term of years, is very commonly known about town as “a good spender.”

Men laugh at them, and even the girls have their own ideas on the subject. They know that the young fellow who sends them American Beauties when he can scarcely afford

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dandelions is simply indicating that he has more money than brains. When these very girls come to select husbands they prefer men who have more sense. There are lots of girls in this world who are not half as silly as certain foolish men think they are—they quietly laugh in their sleeves at the “good spenders,” even when the money is being spent on them.

California has the undesirable reputation of being the most extravagant state in the Union. Even New York is less lavish in proportion to its means, for New York is old and rich, while we are just in our teens. High school boys and girls think they must entertain with the lavishness of well-seasoned society habitués. Boys and girls in grammar school have their ideas of pocket money which stagger the fathers and mothers brought up on a simple and more wholesome regime. You see people flashing along the street in their own automobiles and you wonder how they can afford it—they cannot afford it; they are simply exhibiting their fool-

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ishness at a rate which breaks all the records. Men sometimes blame it all on the women, and while they have the most to do with setting the pace of expenditure a man is a fool who allows himself to go down in financial and moral defeat because of a woman, even though the woman is his wife. We are reaping the fruits of this extravagance in those revelations of dishonesty made recently in various high schools and in the exposures of dishonesty high up among club men and young fellows in San Francisco. Extravagant spending has become a fruitful source of temptation which in turn has led to terrible dishonesty.

“Why do you spend your money for that which is not bread?” Bread is the symbol of all that is wholesome. Bread satisfies, bread strengthens, bread enlarges. How much of a young fellow's money goes for that which does neither! He is not satisfied; he is not strengthened; he is not enlarged. It ought to be as much a matter of intelligence and conscience to part with your money wisely

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and usefully as it was a matter of intelligence and conscience to earn it in the first place.

When I was in college I was kept on very short rations—too short I thought then, and I think so still. The stern frugality, however, was not without its advantages. My roommate in the senior year inherited some twenty odd thousand dollars from his father's estate. He had a warm heart; he had not a single vicious taste or habit that I ever discovered. He used his money freely in a way that made me envy him. He wore good clothes, when my trousers bagged at the knees. He took in all the good shows that came to town, when I was at home reading a book and wishing that I was at the show. He showered gracious attentions which made him exceedingly popular with the young ladies. We left college some twenty-five years ago. I was the best man at his wedding a few years later. Ten years ago he wrote to me a pitiful letter—it must have cost him a struggle to put it down in black and white for he had a large amount of personal pride.

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He asked me if I could send him fifty dollars for he was in a desperate situation financially. He was not a bad fellow in any sense, but he had not learned how to spend his money.

With the hundreds of children hungry, ill-clad, ignorant; with the hundreds of men and women straining every nerve to live but going down in defeat; with every philanthropic institution in need of funds to make its work more widely effective, it becomes a sin and a shame to spend money, no matter how much you have, foolishly, recklessly, wantonly. Put into your spending your best brains and conscience. Money is the stored up life of the men and women who earned it; money is potential ministry that might be rendered to those lives which suffer for the lack of it; money is power to quicken activities wholesome and helpful or vicious and hurtful. Therefore, put wisdom and conscience into the investment of every dollar you spend.

In the third place the young man relates himself to money by what he saves—save

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prudently! You will see young fellows hopping around in society, chirping to the girls like so many canaries, each one dressed up until he would inventory one hundred and twenty-five dollars, perhaps, as he stands forth in his swallowtail ready for the Friday Night Assembly, and yet many of them hardly know what a bank book looks like. If any one of them went to open an account in a savings bank he would have to be told three times where to sign his name. He is having a good time, but he is postponing marriage and a home. He is putting the success which might be his a long way off — so far that he may never overtake it in this life. He is missing the larger things in growth, in travel, in enrichment for himself and for those other lives which are bound up with his own, for the sake of the mere gratification which may be in no sense wicked but is unworthy of such a sacrifice.

I make it a point to urge every young man to save his money by taking out life insurance early. I took out my first policy long

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before I was married—I hoped to be sometime. It was a twenty-year-endowment and it matures this very year. And when I saw my way clear I took out another and another and another. It is not only a protection to the wife and children you have or may have, if you should be called away suddenly; it is a good way to save money regularly. It does not promise as large a return in the percentage of the dividend as that copper stock or mining share some plausible fellow is trying to sell you, but it is a great deal surer. When you take out a policy and pass the medical examination, you will begin to arrange to meet your premium year by year, and thus you will save steadily. Wise business men insure their homes and their stores against fire though they may go through life and never have a fire. Every man will die sometime and every man is growing older all the time. The face of an endowment policy will be very convenient when you are twenty or forty years older than you are now.

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It gives a young fellow confidence, self-respect, and strengthens his resolution to have accumulated something in a policy, a savings bank, a house and lot or in some safe bonds which older and wiser men advise him to purchase. The financial effects of it are good and the moral effects better still. He begins to feel that he has a stake in life. He has been providing for his own interests and for those of the family he has or may have; and there is a satisfaction in that which goes away ahead of the purchase of American Beauty roses, automobile rides, theater parties or wine suppers. If you would relate your own inner life to money in a wholesome way save prudently.

And finally a young man relates himself to money by what he gives — give generously and systematically. Money is one of the most useful servants in the world, but it is a terrible and a degrading master. When money has mastered a man it puts a look in his eye that is like cold steel and it draws lines around his mouth which make it look

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like a trap. You may earn honestly, spend wisely and save prudently and still allow money to be your master instead of making it the servant of moral purpose, the messenger of good will. You must couple, therefore, with the other three habits formed early and steadfastly that of giving generously and systematically.

I would urge every young man to begin to give a tenth of his income. The Jews did it and they were blessed temporally and spiritually. They are still the bankers of the world and they formerly held the right of the line in moral insight and spiritual passion. The Mormons did it, and with all the moral defacements of their system they have transformed arid Utah into a garden of prosperity beyond the wildest dreams of the founders of that community. "Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." "Bring all your tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine

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house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, and see if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Whenever a dollar comes to you set aside ten cents of it for charity and benevolence. Keep that fund sacredly, and then use the other ninety cents to spend or to save. You will find that you will be greatly blessed financially and morally in that systematic method.

I began to give that way twenty years ago when my own income was very small. I kept it up when it cost me a hard struggle. I have earned all the money I have ever had since I left my father's house. I have not stolen it, nor gambled for it, nor inherited it, nor married a dollar of it. I have been greatly blessed in that systematic giving, and I commend it to all men, young and old. If you would keep money your servant and not allow it to master you, begin early, when you are not independently rich, thus forming a habit of systematic benevolence. You will

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come to rejoice in a higher and a better prosperity for the blessing of God upon fidelity and obedience is one that maketh rich and bringeth no sorrow therewith.

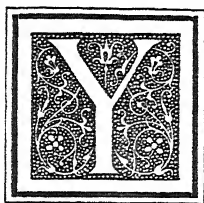
In setting out to earn your own money honestly, to spend it wisely, to save some of it prudently, and to give a certain proportion of it generously, expect and accept a certain amount of struggle, hardship, sacrifice. What are your health and ambition for but to face and conquer all this! When any young man's main interest is in avoiding pain and seeking ease; when he is always insisting on comfort and grasping for luxury, he does not deserve to be young. He is not young — he is already old and defeated. Accept the struggle and the sacrifice! Rejoice in it all, for that is what transforms pulp into reliable fiber, boys into men!

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*It was a wise man who wrote long ago—
There is a time to weep and a time to laugh,
A time to mourn and a time to dance;
God has made everything beautiful in its time.*

CHAPTER FIFTH

His Recreations



YOU see the rhythmic process he had in mind. It is the way of the world that there should be action and reaction, alternating currents, each with its special quality. The man who sets out for a life of unbroken service and strenuousness breaks himself in the attempt. The bow must be unstrung occasionally if it is to retain its spring. Varying moods must alternate, each in the interest of the other. A man who weeps all the time, or laughs all the time, who slaves all the time or plays all the time, is out of line with the divine purpose, out of line with the constitution of things as they are. There is a time for seriousness and a time for gaiety; a time for work and a time for play. "He has made everything beautiful in its time," — each mood and each interest gains

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its beauty and its value by being held to its own place in the large scheme by a sound sense of proportion.

I would suggest at the outset certain general principles which I believe every sensible man will accept. First of all our distinctions in the matter of amusements must be sound and real, not arbitrary and artificial. Tell the boy it is right to play croquet with wooden balls on green grass, but wrong to play billiards with ivory balls on green cloth, and he will insist on knowing the reason why. Tell him it is right to play dominoes using ivory blocks with spots on them, but that it is wrong to play whist using pieces of cardboard with spots on them, he will insist on having the distinction brought out. There is no valid distinction forthcoming. Our distinctions must be sound. They must hold water.

In the second place the attitude must be a positive one not merely negative. It is not enough to steer clear of the more striking evils, merely making our recreations harm-

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less. Playing tiddledywinks or crokinole or button is harmless, but you can scarcely call it recreation. Recreation must bring pleasure, real, live, human pleasure, with fire in its eye and red blood in its veins. "Our bodies are good, every function of them, and the pleasure which comes from an intelligent and conscientious use of them is God's own seal upon that right use." Our minds are good and that eager joy which comes to them in certain forms of recreation is a thing to thank high heaven for — high heaven ordained it so. Our social natures which find expression in and become enlarged by wholesome recreation are meant to glorify the divine purpose and enjoy it forever. The relaxations of young people must be of such a form that they will be desirable and pleasurable, not merely harmless.

In the third place there must be a sense of proportion. Amusements at their best are only the flowers on the table and not the roast. You cannot live on the bouquet. The young fellow who spends all his spare time

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and spare cash on recreation, thinking of it when he ought to be thinking of some serious business is in a fair way to sleep in the hall bedroom a good while. You will not succeed because you can play billiards or bridge or dance better than any young fellow in town. The world is not waiting to give its money, its confidence or its gratitude to those chaps. It has its eagle eye on the more serious business of life and that is what yields the most satisfying return in every man's career. "A time to laugh and a time to dance," the wise man said — that time is not all the time nor at two o'clock in the morning when there is work to be done next day. In recreations even of the wholesome sort there must be subordination of that which is incidental to that which is essential.

In the fourth place every recreation ought to bring more than it takes. Recreation — re-creation! What a vital thing it is! It is meant to furnish the man a fuller supply of energy, enthusiasm, fitness for hard manly effort next day. That definition, I fear,

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would put many of the popular recreations out of the running. But it is a legitimate test. My recreations must be such that the body is recruited not weakened, the mind made more alert not blurred, the moral nature kept keen and alive not dulled nor blinded. The recreation must bring real live human pleasure and yet stand this test. Each amusement must bring more than it takes away.

In the fifth place my pleasure cannot be gained at another's loss. The day has gone by everywhere when men and women can find pleasure in being cannibals. No matter how hungry they are they do not want to eat the flesh or drink the blood of their fellows. The whole idea is repulsive and there are better things to eat and drink. The day has gone by among really civilized people — there are people who wear collars and cuffs and eat with their forks, who are not genuinely civilized — when men and women can take pleasure in any amusement which means the loss of money or modesty, of aspiration or fitness

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for the highest things, to a fellow-being. Money, modesty, aspiration, fitness for the highest things are elements in life, as vital as the flesh and blood of the body.

The man who gambles and goes home happy because he has gotten some other man's money into his pocket and has sent him home poor, is a cannibal—he derives pleasure from eating his fellow. The men who gather in the theater and pay to see girls come out on the stage dressed — I mean undressed — in a way that means the destruction of that fine modesty which is a woman's crown, are cannibals. For the gratification of their own desires they have eaten up the modesty of those girls, who have not strength enough or sense enough to resist the temptation to sell their womanly delicacy for so much a week. You would cut off your right hand and do your best with your left rather than have your wife or daughter, your sister or sweetheart, expose herself in that way for pay. You are a cannibal if for your own gratification you help destroy that fine modesty in

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any woman. Carry the principle all the way through—right-minded, honest-hearted men and women will not find pleasure in the loss or degradation of another life.

I do not know that I need say anything more. I have discussed these five principles with young men a great many times here and in my own home, at Stanford University, where I lectured on ethics for six years, and at the University of California where I am lecturing now every week to the students. I have never heard a young man who called himself a decent fellow undertake to combat any one of them. Our distinctions must be sound and real; our attitude must be positive, insisting on recreations which are thoroughly enjoyable not merely harmless; a just and reasonable sense of proportion must be maintained; each pleasure must bring more than it takes away,—it must re-create; each pleasure must be gained without the loss of money or modesty, of aspiration or fitness for the highest things to others who are involved with us. If any boy or man will take

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these five principles, paste them in his hat and live under their beneficent sway, I have no further word to say to him in the way of rules or prohibitions. He will steer his craft clear of the rocks in this matter of recreation and bring it at last into the desired haven.

In all this series of addresses I am making my main plea to the men who have their heads up, intent on being and doing something worth while. If you are bent on striving for an honorable success at the bar, or in medicine, as an engineer or in business, as a teacher or preacher, you will have to put intelligence and conscience into your choice of recreations. Competition is keen — the world will not take “any old thing” these days. The strain is severe — when you begin to rise toward the top you will find that you have not an ounce of nervous force to waste. You cannot afford now to squander either money or time in view of the demands which will be made upon you as you advance. You will need it all, and your ex-

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penditures must re-create impulses for effective action.

If this does not awaken any response in your heart, if you are satisfied to dawdle and lag behind, then it does not matter much with what particular crowd of weaklings you saunter. You can sit up half the night playing cards and inhaling cigarette smoke; you can frequent theaters which help to pass the evening but do nothing more; you can allow those amusements which weaken the body rather than recruit it, dull the mind rather than sharpen it, cloud the moral nature in place of making it more sympathetic and alive, to have their way with you. But if you mean to count one somewhere, you cannot afford to treat the question of recreation lightly.

And in that serious purpose to do and to be something splendid, joy ought to have a large place. The first word in the Sermon on the Mount is "happy" — you find it translated in the ordinary version "blessed," but that is only a deep and abiding form of

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happiness. A long face and a clear conscience may go together — they are not inseparable. Where there is a clear conscience, the long face indicates something wrong with the liver or with the general scheme of things in that particular life. The corners of the mouth were meant to be turned up not down. Tears which now and then must come are meant to wash the eyes out, leaving them clear, with a more sympathetic insight and a finer radiance. It is not only consistent with a serious purpose but imperative for its full realization that wise and conscientious provision be made for recreation of the life forces through honest pleasure.

I would make a strong plea for those forms of recreation which take us into the open air. The young man who has a sound pair of legs under him, has a simple, inexpensive, satisfying source of recreation right at hand. A tramp through the hills, along some river, up the mountain side, when that is within reach, is always in order. No man ever walks to his grave, — he rides finally in a hearse, and

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he may be riding there swiftly in an automobile or behind a fast horse or by some other form of indulgence which he cannot afford. The more exciting and exhausting forms of pleasure sought after by city men often leave them with a distaste for the simpler modes of recreation. All the stars in the sky, all the wild flowers in the field, all the sweep and slope of hill and mountain, all the songs of the birds and the appeal of rock and tree become dull to them. Alas! that they lose the capacity for those finer forms of pleasure. Distrust all those recreations which breed a distaste for healthy, simple, satisfying things — at last they will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

Football, baseball, tennis, golf, boating, bicycling, tramping, fishing, how good they all are! And they are within the reach of such vast numbers of men! It is one of the reproaches of our industrial system that they are not open to all. They leave no dark brown taste in the mouth. They rob no one of money or modesty or aspiration. They

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bring more than they take away; they aid every man in feeling that it is forever forenoon and the day is before him.

I maintain that every Sunday ought to bring outdoor opportunity for all city men who spend the week in offices and stores. If a man were nothing but body, he might spend the whole of Sunday in that way. But a man has a mind needing the higher and vaster truths; a man has a soul needing worship, fellowship and that form of aspiration and service which expresses and deepens his love for God and man. Every life, however, ought to plan for these outdoor periods which do so much to recreate the sense of power.

I would appeal for those forms of recreation which involve brains and skill rather than mere chance. There is nothing inherently wrong in the fact that a game has an element of chance in it, — the old game of Authors had that. The element of chance entering into the good game of whist which can yield so much honest and wholesome pleasure does not in any wise vitiate it. It is a matter of

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experience, however, that games of chance are most readily utilized for gambling. Against the whole wretched habit of gambling — men's sizes, women's sizes, children's sizes — I would utter the strongest protest I can frame, for it is the shame of modern life. Fashionable whist clubs which meet and play for prizes are in line with poker and faro and the race track, — the difference is one of degree not of principle. What can a mother, who habitually plays bridge for so much silver made up into a card receiver, calling it a "prize," say, when her son begins to play poker for so much silver coined into dollars, calling them "stakes." They are both in the same boat; the boy knows it and the mother knows it; and they are floating down stream so far as unstained integrity goes, the boy nearer the rapids perhaps than the mother dreams.

Think of a man being so reduced in brains, in heart, in social sympathy that he cannot go and play some game with his neighbor for the sheer pleasure of it! Think of him as not

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feeling adequately entertained unless he can bag something of value to carry home as a prize. It is a wretched fashion for society to establish! It helps to undermine that sense of rugged honesty and to break down that finer self respect. When the revelations of dishonesty among the pupils of a High School bring consternation to a whole community, the women who have been playing bridge for money at so much a point and ordinary whist for prizes, ought in all fairness to say — “We helped! We are guilty with the boys, and now we will stop and try to develop brains enough to amuse ourselves without any suspicion or taint of gambling.”

The finer games, chess for example, which is the king of all games in that class, make the stronger appeal. You cannot play chess between bites of gossip, — it requires attention. I could not tell you how many delightful hours on shipboard or on the train or during the leisure of some vacation I have enjoyed in matching my skill against that of

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another across the chess board. Every young man ought to learn it for the joy of knowing a game which takes his mind completely off of everything else and yields an indescribable pleasure.

Billiards ought not to be handed over to the devil. The tables are often found in saloons and in the bars of the large hotels, but the game is both enjoyable and wholesome. It is a good thing that many families are providing tables for their sons and daughters who play under right conditions with their friends. It is good that the Young Men's Christian Association in many eastern cities is putting billiard tables in the Association buildings to help reclaim that noble game from its evil associations. So all games where skill and brains are to the fore and chance is slight or entirely eliminated, offer the best form of sport.

I would appeal for those forms of recreation which aid in developing a fine sense of chivalry. I was brought up to think that it was wrong to dance—I believe this was an er-

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roneous moral judgment. I know the abuses of it, late hours, promiscuous associations, drinking on the part of men at the adjoining bars, postures which are not conducive to refinement. These are bad and only bad, but they can be eliminated and dancing used instead of abused. "There is a time to dance" the wise man said — that time is not two o'clock in the morning. The place is not where the conditions surrounding the dance are morally undesirable. But for right-minded young people to dance together with the mothers of the girls and boys present as chaperons, at reasonable hours, in their own homes, or at other places as unobjectionable, and with an eye to avoiding extravagance, offers a form of social recreation which has, I believe, a rightful place in a Christian civilization.

Like other forms of recreation it ought to bring out the finer qualities, not the lower. The man who engages in it should by that very fact be made a more chivalrous, considerate and serviceable man. When the

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young fellow slips out between dances to drink whiskey or other intoxicants, and then comes back to blow the fumes of it in the faces of the young women; when he allows himself to surrender that much more to the animalism which whiskey rapidly induces, every decent woman ought to turn her back on him. When the young fellows here at a certain "Assembly" insisted on going out to smoke and inhale the cigarette fumes, coming back to blow their offensive breath in the faces of the young ladies, they needed rebuke. When the chaperons politely remonstrated the little chaps swelled up and said—"You cannot have your parties without us—we will do as we please." They thought they were gentlemen because they wore swallow-tails, but there are men digging in the streets at two dollars a day who have tenfold more courtesy and chivalry. The young ladies should have said "You cannot have your parties without us, and we stand for that higher level of good breeding, which you are not disposed to show." The girls who

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do not dance with such young fellows will live just as long and have just as good a time and reach the end without the sense of having missed anything worth while. All our social recreation ought to leave us with a more perfect courtesy, a finer chivalry and a purer unselfishness.

I plead for those forms of recreation which send a man back to his work, whatever it may be, in better not in worse shape to make the quality of it fine, up to his limit. Spend your evenings in such a way that next day you will have in you the spirit of the morning! Shape up your pleasures in such a way that they will not breed distaste for duty, but a keener zest and relish in the discharge of it. You know the German saying:

*“Die Morgenstunde
Hat Gold im Munde.”*

The morning hours have gold in their mouths. This is true in business, in the profession, in the work of education, in humane service. But it is only true where the even-

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ing hours were spent in such a way that the morning brings with it the spirit of the morning.

I have no manner of doubt but that nine-tenths of our American young men would do well to lop off a full half of the money and time spent on recreation. For every young man in a twentieth century city who spends too little there are ten who spend too much. A young man started to climb Mount Blanc, carrying with him all manner of things, wine and delicacies, which he intended to enjoy when he reached the summit; a gay hat, and a blanket which he would then wrap around him to keep off the chill; a camera with an elaborate arrangement by which he could photograph himself at the various stages of the journey. The guide smiled and noticed that one by one these things were left behind, as the path grew steep. The young fellow laid aside his wine and sweetmeats; then the gay hat and blanket were abandoned; at last the heavy camera was also left behind, and when he reached the top he stood there a

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man equipped for climbing, with the impedimenta left behind. If you intend to climb Mount Blanc or even one of the lesser peaks in your business, your profession, your trade, in the equipment of your home, in the enjoyment of travel, in winning the esteem and confidence of your fellowmen, you will need to throw off a lot of that rubbish you are carrying in the form of recreation.

Whether you eat or drink, work or play, weep or laugh, do all things to the glory of God. And what is the glory of God? Wherein does it find expression? He is above all things a Father, and His glory is the fulfilment of His beneficent purpose in the development of the lives of His children to their utmost. Nothing lies outside of that purpose. Nothing can be allowed to come in to hinder it. Carry your recreations up and decide upon them in the light of that sublime truth! Compel each one to open its heart and declare to you its real intent as it undertakes to fasten itself upon your life!

And if you insist that each recreation must

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yield more than it takes in those physical, mental, social and moral values which count in the work of life; if you insist that each pleasure shall hold itself subordinate to your main purpose; if you steadfastly require that no pleasure of yours shall be enjoyed at the cost of the finer values in those other lives involved, then indeed you will eat and drink, work and play to the glory of your Maker!

His Wife

CHAPTER SIXTH

His Wife



IT would be a great gain if the whole matter of love and marriage might be lifted to a higher level in the minds of young and old alike. The attachments of youth more than half the time are made a matter of thoughtless joke or of weak sentimentality, and yet they lead oftentimes to what is vital beyond any other one interest you can name. Young people are making the most momentous decisions of their lives, as these bear upon happiness, prosperity, character, in the back parlor with the gas turned halfway down. They are making these decisions in a sweet swoon of sentiment — they had better have their eyes open, their wits about them, and view the whole question in broad daylight. You would not think of buying a house and lot, or a farm by moon-

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light, yet all the real estate you will ever own cuts no figure at all in its bearing upon life as compared with the wisdom or the unwisdom you show in the placing of your affections.

Business men read documents over before they sign them. Young people had better read the marriage service over and think of what the several clauses in it imply. It is not wise to postpone its serious consideration until the last moment when you are breathlessly asking the minister where you are to come in with your responses.

“Marriage is an honorable estate, instituted of God and commended by St. Paul; and therefore, is not by anyone to be entered into lightly or unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, soberly and in the fear of God.” You will find that all the larger intentions of life fare better when they are solidly grounded in reason, reflection and religious purpose as well as clothed with lovely sentiment. You are to take each other the service says, “for better” — that’s easy —

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“for worse,” because this too comes oftentimes and it is well to face such a possibility in advance! “For richer” — any girl is cheerily ready to do that; “for poorer” — she may be called upon to stand beside a man through years of financial struggle and defeat! “In sickness and in health” — you are to ask yourself as a man if you have it in you to show the same fine fidelity and tenderness through possible years of expensive invalidism on the part of your wife as when she cheerily walked out beside you for a long tramp through the hills! It may all come in the day’s work and it is well to read the document over, weighing its various clauses before you sign it.

“A good wife is from the Lord” — think of her in that high-minded serious way! Accept her as the choicest gift high heaven can bestow upon your life. Undertake to discover in her fitness for you and yours for her, as this comes to be revealed under the power of a strong and pure affection that divine purpose which shall find its glorious and

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beautiful fulfilment through the unfolding years.

Those noble unions into which reason, conscience and religious purpose have entered, as well as the joy and passion of youth, have a thousandfold more promise in them than all the hasty, ill-considered attachments which may be only passing fancies at their best. You ought to be able to say without the least suspicion of artificiality touching the sense of reserve power, of unrevealed capacity in the young woman who is to share your life:

*"I love thee then
Not for thy face, which might indeed provoke
Invasion of strange cities, but
Because Infinity upon thee broods
And thou art full of meaning and of promise.
Thou sayest what all the seas have yearned to
say,
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
Thy voice is like sweet music from another
world."*

You ought not to fall in love — rise to it!
Let your mutual response, each to the other's

His Wife

charm, mean the elevation of the whole tone, purpose and spirit of your lives under the power of a noble affection. Marriage is not a failure, although hundreds of thousands of people are failing in their attempt at it. It is the Matterhorn in the whole range of earthly privilege. Only the elect who can show those qualities of body, brain and soul necessary for the climb are privileged to reach the top. However high you may finally climb make up your mind to use your best strength not to add another to the list of marital failures. Carry your married joy far up the steep ascent!

I suppose I have attended more weddings than any other person here, unless there happens to be present some older clergyman whose period of service is still longer. I suppose the minister of a large parish like this comes to know the inside workings of more homes than any other man in the community unless it be the family physician with a large practice. I have seen a great many girls enter gaily into unions when it would have

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been for their happiness rather to have had their hands chopped off, or their eyes put out instead. A girl would think a long time before she would consent to such a mutilation as that, and yet the mutilation of mind and soul which comes by marrying a man of unworthy character goes far beyond it. I have seen young fellows in a spirit of bravado or recklessness marry and then for years live so that their experiences were like walking through hell barefoot, bringing up at last in the melancholy debris of the divorce court. Because I see these things and am called upon to suffer with those who suffer, you will understand why I speak of this whole matter with a certain noble seriousness.

Let me offer then out of a wide experience some very practical suggestions. First of all, earn your right to be married! Earn it physically! You have no right to bring the taint of vicious disease or the scars of vile debauchery to wed on equal terms with purity and honor. You will feel like a whelp if you do — whether she knows or the world knows

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or not, you will know. When you hear some plausible scoundrelly argument put forward for impurity down here at the High School or on the boat, or in some hour of reckless dissipation, think how you would feel if you heard such a sentiment from the lips of your sister or your sweetheart. Scorn it all, as you would have her scorn it!

Earn your right to be married morally. Blessed be God for the faith and hope and love of good women, but you have no right to impose upon that gracious disposition. If you find yourself in the grip of some appetite, liquor, gambling or what not, have the common decency to fight your own battle through and win it first, that you may offer her a man and not a victim.

Earn your right to be married financially. A girl who is worth marrying is not a fool. She does not expect you to be as prosperous at the beginning of your life as her father is at the close of his. She is willing, if there is anything of the woman in her, to share in the struggle and enjoy the success which will

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come by-and-by, all the more because she helped bring it about.

There are girls who lack this readiness — “charlotte russe girls,” someone called them, “all whipped cream and little sponge cakes and high-priced flavoring extracts, but neither satisfying nor nourishing.” The girl of sense is not like that — she does not want to begin her housekeeping on the same scale as that upon which her mother leaves off. Take for granted her readiness to make sacrifices with you joyously, because of her love for you. But even so know that it is an unmanly thing to take a girl out of her father’s home and away from the opportunity of making any other union unless you have a reasonable prospect of being able to provide for her comfort.

There are a lot of old saws which ought to be retired. “Two people can live on less than one” — it cannot be done. You might as well say that two and two make five. You will find that the multiplication table is still in force however much you and your bride

His Wife

may be in love with each other. A man's hat costs three dollars or three dollars and a half — even a Dunlap or a Stetson only five. Cast your eye on one of those lovely creations which obstruct the view and try to think what a sealed bid on such a structure as that would probably reveal. Any wife doubles a man's expenses, and if she is a good wife she more than doubles his happiness — so it all comes out right in the trial balance.

It is the part of good sense to think of all this even before you find yourself engaged. It is well to think of it when you are tempted to spend all your spare cash on unnecessary indulgences. A substantial account in the savings bank or a life insurance policy on which you have been paying for a number of years will be a very pleasant thought to you when you are on your way to the jeweler's to buy the wedding ring. Earn your right to be married physically, morally, financially.

In the second place, be married, unless there is some hard fact standing in the way which

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makes it impossible. You cannot do anything better for the human race, taking it by and large, than to build one more normal and happy home in the world. What other institution is there for which you can become individually responsible, that compares with it? Out of such homes, as from no other source, issue those influences and activities which inspire industry with finer principles and invest social life with a purer spirit, ennoble the state and strengthen the church. What better thing anywhere on God's green earth is there than such a home? Your pleasure, your convenience, your career will not weigh for a moment over against such an asset to society as that real home which you might go and build.

The men who refuse to marry, making exceptions here and there for those individuals who because of ill-health or peculiar family circumstances or other valid reasons, find it impossible, are selfish men. Each one might be making some good woman happy, but he prefers to spend his all on himself. They de-

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serve the feeling which all rightly constituted men and women have for them. We may joke about them as "jolly old bachelors," but the world withholds from them its genuine regard. It is an abnormal, cowardly way to live for the man who chooses it voluntarily, and unless there is some insuperable obstacle which makes marriage impossible, you should not be willing to march under that sorry flag.

In the third place, marry the right woman. While I urge every young man to be married and have a home, I do not mean that he should leap in at the slightest provocation. As Senator Beveridge puts it, "The fact that it is advantageous for a man to learn to swim does not mean that he should jump into the first stream he comes to with all his clothes on." It is not well to propose to a girl "before you have had time to notice whether her front hair and back hair match." I use the expression symbolically as well as literally, for you may find that she has two kinds of adornment in her manners, her mind

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and her disposition. It is well to know whether the young lady who receives you in the evening so delightfully when you call is the same young lady who responds next morning to her mother's summons to assist in preparing the family breakfast. It is well to take time to consider all these things in advance for when you are once married you will be married a good while.

You think it is wonderful that some girl is interested in you because you have shown an interest in her; that when you are with her she makes you feel that you are almost a god. Girls have been doing that ever since Eve walked as a bride among the trees of the Garden. You cannot throw a stone in a crowded city without hitting twenty girls who would do the same thing if you should show an interest in any one of them. And it is just as well to beware of the girl who is too ready with her response—if she is a girl worth having she wants to look you over to see if your front hair matches your back hair.

His Wife

Beware of the girl who is perfectly willing to have you spend four or five evenings a week in her company. In the days when knight-hood was in flower, it was said that no man's armor was ever fitted to him aright until the hand of affection had buckled it on. And when the woman who loved a brave man sent him forth encased in steel, her mark of affection upon his cheek, she expected him to do and to dare, to take a man's full part in the life of the world. A woman who has not brains enough to have a pride in and a concern for a man's achievements in the field of serious manly effort, who prefers to have him always dancing attendance upon her pleasure, is of no help to a man possessed of genuine aspiration.

Marry the right girl — hasty, foolish, ill-advised marriages are responsible for nine-tenths of the melancholy wreckage in the divorce courts. There is a law pending before our Legislature at this time to provide for more publicity and more deliberation in the act of marriage. As it is now a young

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fellow can get a marriage license in about fifteen minutes whenever the fit is on him, and at once stand up before a minister for four minutes more, and then put in a good many years cursing himself for being a fool, or causing some woman to curse the day she first saw him. Take your time, take your time, even though your emotions are fairly sweeping you off your feet! It will be better to sit down now and consider the whole matter carefully in advance. Emotions and all, those unions which are based on acquaintance, knowledge, ascertained congeniality and fitness are the ones which best stand the wear and tear and finally yield the most.

I know exactly how you feel when you meet one of those girls who is "just a dream"—I have felt that way myself. She has a far-away look in her eyes; she quotes Shelley and Browning; she has a plaintive, *vox humana* stop in her voice, which she pulls out when she speaks of "kismet" and fate, or hints at tragedies in her own emotional history. She is a dream of a girl, but dreams are poor

His Wife

things to build on—they are liable to end in nightmares. Something more substantial and ascertainable would be preferable, and you are wise if you take time to give the woman of your choice the fullest consideration.

Here are some principles of selection which you will find useful. Before marriage the face, the figure, the manner seem to count for everything. They have their value all the way along, but after marriage mind, heart, soul, are rated higher, and you will think so too before you have celebrated your first wedding anniversary. Marry a woman first of all of sterling moral character—a woman who does not lie, nor steal, nor act meanly; a woman capable of self-restraint and self-sacrifice—she will need these qualities if she marries you or me or any man; a woman kindly and generous in her prevailing moods and temper; a woman with a great power of sympathy, which is the feminine grace that well-nigh outweighs all the rest. Seek for these fine qualities as the basis of character, and then the more beauty of person and social win-

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someness the better! The woman within the woman is the one you will live with; she is the one to whom you will be compelled to go for the strength and joy that married life should bring.

I would not speak slightly of outward attractions—"Beauty is only skin deep," Lorimer said, "but that's deep enough for all practical purposes." The woman you can look at with some degree of comfort is to be preferred to the opposite type, other things being equal. But other considerations weigh; no matter how pretty she is, you must ask: Has she any mind? Does she read anything besides the novels of the day? Can she think, and when she thinks does she produce anything? Has she any serious purpose in life? Has she any ideals, fine enough, high enough, inclusive enough, to hang up in your sky and hers; and does she take them seriously? Has she the power of making friends among women as well as men, for the woman who shines only when with men and not with her own sex belongs in the same sorry category

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with "The Ladies' Man." Does she pray? She will need that fine form of aid for herself and for you, in your times of temptation, defeat, sorrow, and for those children which may be yours. These habits of mind and soul are the ones which ought to tip the scales of your choice! Marry the right woman!

And finally when you are married, stay married. In California last year in a certain county there was one divorce to every ten marriages, and in another county one divorce to every four marriages. The gruesome records of the divorce courts and the array of irregular attachments and scandals which lead up to them, as revealed by the daily press, are appalling.

We might as well stand up man-fashion and say that four-fifths of it all is our fault. There are faults on the other side. There are women I would not live with even though I had been so unfortunate as to have married one of them. I would not live with an immoral woman; I would not live with a woman who was an habitual drunkard. But short of

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some form of outrageous wrongdoing I am just old-fashioned enough to believe that nothing should cause a man to leave the wife whom he has sworn to protect or to take such an attitude as compels her to leave him, so long as they both shall live.

The man is the aggressor. He seeks the girl out,—she does not go to him and suggest marriage. He takes her out of her father's home, away from the other men who might have married her. He stands up before God and man and in the most solemn way promises to do everything that a man can do, to love, honor and protect her so long as they both shall live. You may hear some young fellow whine about his affairs, after he has been married a few years and plead as an excuse for his growing interest in some affinity—"I was not happy." Suppose he was not! He may not be happy when he goes down to pay his taxes, or when he finds he has signed some contract which turns out to be for his loss, or when he must fulfil any one of a hundred hard duties which belong to manly in-

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tegrity! It is a question of honor and of keeping one's word, not of feeling tickled every moment of the time! If the woman wants to live with him and is not a bad woman, he is pledged to strive with all his might to live with her and to do his best to make her happy.

All this wretched talk about "affinities" in justification of marital infidelity, all these problem plays and decadent stories dealing with those abnormal attachments which lead to immorality, what a mess of rotten apples it all makes! We need the rigor and the vigor of some northwest wind to clear the air!

This very week this case came into my own study. A man married a lovely girl here three years ago. There are now two little children. The woman trusted him and loved him and thought he was one of the best of men. Within the last six months he has been neglecting her,—he "was not happy," he said; he had found an "affinity" elsewhere. Now he has left her altogether, and she must return to her father's house to get bread for

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herself and her children. I suppose we did right in abolishing the old whipping post, where men for certain offenses were tied up and given forty lashes across their bare backs, but with such a man as that to deal with I wish we had some proper modern device to show the resentment of decent society against such a crime.

A well-appointed marriage is an inspiration and a joy forever, but no true man will allow himself to go down in defeat morally, financially or otherwise because he made a mistaken choice. His own manhood, as well as the stability of those domestic relations which lie at the basis of all moral advance in society is at stake. Not in more stringent divorce laws; not in the rivetting of stronger rules upon human conduct, but in the development of a finer chivalry on the part of men toward women, and of a truer sympathy on the part of women toward men are we to find our domestic salvation.

Turn to the Lord Christ! How He guarded and protected and upheld the woman! She

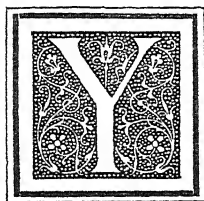
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might be an erring woman; she might be a woman lacking in judgment; she might be a woman weak and frail in her whole make-up, —no matter, the Son of Man, the typical Man would shield and sustain her by His finer strength! In a fuller measure of that Christian chivalry which bears all things, hopes all things, endures all things, that it may make full proof of its manly devotion, we shall build around the home its best defense.

His Church

CHAPTER SEVENTH

His Church



YOU have allowed me to speak to you on these evenings we have been spending together touching the various aspects of the young man's life. We have been thinking of his main purpose and of his friends, of his books and of his recreations, of the money he controls and of the home he hopes to build! We come now to that which, in a way, should underlie all the rest, lifting them into a higher meaning and clothing them with a finer strength. The young man needs religion, just as surely as he needs money and friends, books and a home—and I know of no better place to gain it and maintain it than in some branch of the Church of Jesus Christ.

Just ahead of this splendid young fellow, full-blooded and resolute, stands a tempta-

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tion awaiting him,—it will test him as the storm tests a ship. Will he conquer it or will it have its way with him?

Just ahead of him stands a hard duty, a chance to bear his part man-fashion in the everlasting battle which is on between the higher and the lower! Will he shirk or will he shoulder arms and go to the front, ready to take his own full share in the struggle?

Just ahead of him stands one of those awful sorrows, which come oftentimes to old and young alike! Will he meet it and not flinch, holding his course as a true man and imparting strength to those around him, or will he prove a weakling?

These are questions which must be answered, yes or no, not with the lips, but by the life. And these are questions to which the answers are worked out not in the chemistry class or in the engineering building where you study, not in the office or the store where you work, not in the club house or other resort where you play, so much as in that place where above all else men are brought face to face

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with God, and taught to feel a sense of fellowship with Him, who is the ultimate source of moral strength.

“On this rock I will build my church.” The words fell from the lips of One who was still young, only thirty-two. They indicate the purpose which was fundamental to His life work. He wrote no books. He painted no pictures. He amassed no wealth. He gathered together some men and women who believed in Him and shared His spirit, and then He built them into a church. It was the main thing He came to do—He committed the truths He had taught and the whole movement He had started into the keeping of that little church. It is well for us to recall the divine initiative in the organization of the church and the high estimate placed upon it by One who knew and spake to our needs as never man spake.

“On this rock I will build”—He spoke these words to a group of young men with their lives ahead of them. When one of the group spoke out his own faith, love and loyalty to

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the Master, Christ said: "Blessed art thou—on this I will build!" He saw around Him many who felt an admiration for what He was doing. They said, "He is equal to John the Baptist, or Elijah, or Jeremiah, or any one of the prophets." All this had a certain value but not the highest. Close beside Him were a few young men who trusted Him unreservedly and openly confessed Him as the Lord and Savior of men. They were out and out about it, and they became the ground of His hope. "On this rock I will build," He said, "and the forces of evil shall not prevail against it."

He entrusted to that group of young men, who were clear-cut in their loyalty to Him, a tremendous responsibility and a splendid privilege along the line of moral usefulness. "I will give you the keys," He said—"I will make you competent to open the door for your fellow-men into a larger and nobler way of life." It is nothing official or perfunctory which Christ is describing here. The petty ecclesiasticism which undertakes to wrap all

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these fine realities up in a surplice misses the meaning of the whole passage. He was picturing that strong and vital service, which young men anywhere, when once they become allied with Him, could render their associates. Your influence for good or for evil as you go out brim full of that unwearying energy which belongs to youth, can become so potent that what you loose on earth will be loosed in heaven, and what you bind on earth will be bound in heaven! You can by your own moral influence help to fasten men in their sins or help to free them, in a way that will send its results on into the unseen world.

What a glorious thing to stand up young, strong, clean, and have the Master of men speak to you like that! What a splendid privilege to have the One who has set all the leading nations of the world dating their history, their contracts, their correspondence from the date of His birth, 1909 years ago, address you in those terms! How magnificent to be one of the group to whom He commits such a trust! "On this I will build!"

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“I will give you the keys”—that we may throw the doors open wide for our fellows into the joy and splendor of life. We may go forth when once the energy of His purpose has become potent in our hearts, binding and loosing in the moral influence we can exert. And that company of people, young and old, men and women, in this land and in all lands, we call the Church of Christ Jesus.

What a noble privilege for a young man to build a portion of his life into an institution like that! Take for example this church which we all know—there are any number of other churches in the land which would serve equally well to illustrate my point, but here the facts are right at hand. It has the ear of the community,—what it says counts. It is known far and wide for its noble music—people come for miles to listen and go away blessed. It has standing all over this land as a center of intelligent, systematic religious instruction, through its graded Sunday School and its employment of a trained man to give his whole time to superintending that

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work. It is a beehive from which workers go out into the charitable and philanthropic work of the community,—you cannot name a charity in this city, except those directly under the care of the Roman Catholic Church, where the members of this congregation are not serving. It is a center of joyous fellowship—in all the fifty years of its history it has never had a quarrel and the friendships formed here among its members are among the sweetest experiences of their lives. It has a political influence, and when the five hundred men who are members of this congregation set their influence strongly in support of some measure of civic righteousness or betterment, the city feels it. It is a powerful institution, as everyone knows, set down here at the center of this community of more than a quarter of a million of people.

And how did it all come about? This church did not drop down out of the skies in the night. Some wholesale house in the East did not load it on a freight train and ship it out here. It came because a company of young

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men and young women, older men and older women have for fifty years been putting in their time and their strength, their money and their service, their devotion and their love to make the First Congregational Church of Oakland one of the factors which would count for the higher life of the city, the state and the nation.

Indeed, its influence has gone out into all the earth, its money and its members to the ends of the world. We have at this hour those who were once and those who are now upon its roll of membership, working in Alaska, in Japan, in China, in India and in all the islands of the Sea, carrying on the everlasting battle between the higher and the lower, helping to put the crown of victory where it belongs. How glorious to be one of that group around the Master of men, the Great Head of the Church, and to build one's life into an institution whose influence is so wholesome and far-reaching!

I have knocked around a good deal in the forty-five years I have been privileged to live.

His Church

I have attended various institutions of learning and I have a drawer full of diplomas at home. I have received some expressions of the esteem and confidence of my fellowmen, which are inexpressibly precious to me. But the highest honor I have ever received or ever can receive is the privilege of being known as a Christian. The name of my Master Christ—it is the name above every name, and I am permitted to wear it in being known as a “Christian.” When some man stands beside the open casket to speak a few words of appreciation for me as I have spoken them for so many hundreds of people in my ministry, if that man can say “He was a Christian,” I ask nothing better.

And being a Christian, a servant and follower of Jesus Christ, I want the fact to be known, I want to be enrolled somewhere as a member of some branch of the church of Christ. I would be ashamed to slink off in the dark and try to be a Christian all by myself, never confessing my allegiance openly by membership in the church He came to build.

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How strange and abnormal such an attitude would be! I have listened reverently to the service of the Mass in Catholic St. Peters at Rome, I have enjoyed the superb music of the men's chorus in the Cathedral of the Assumption in the Kremlin at Moscow, and I have heard a choir of Indian boys sing Gregorian chants in a Russian church on the west coast of Alaska! I have witnessed the midnight service on Good Friday at the Cathedral of the Greek Church in Athens, and I have heard the call to prayer from the minaret and have seen devout Moslems prostrate in worship in the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople. I have studied the stolid faces of the Chinese in their Joss House yonder and I have seen the tear-stained faces of devout Jews who were pouring out their hearts in prayer at the Jewish Wailing Place in Jerusalem. And although in every case the mode of worship and the language were entirely unlike my own, I felt a sense of kinship with them all in their yearning for the sense of fellowship with the Divine.

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How incomplete and abnormal I should feel if I had no part whatever in that hunger of the soul, or if I had nowhere declared and recorded my attachment to the great Head of my church!

Let me say then these two things to the young men—first, you need the church. It is the inner principle of each man's life which counts much more than the passing phases of his environment. You cannot raise grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles, even though you plant them in black loam ten feet deep, well-watered, and with a southern exposure. It cannot be done—the inner principle of the thorns and the thistles is wrong; it cannot be made to issue in a fruitage of grapes and figs. It is the good tree which brings forth good fruit on all the fields of human effort. It is the heart made right through the gospel which the church preaches, it is the heart made right by Him who is the great head of the church, which makes the whole life right.

Here is the Sermon on the Mount, the

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Magna Charta of spiritual privilege, as Lyman Abbott puts it, in a nutshell. The secret of happiness is character—Blessed, that is to say happy, are those who are gentle and merciful, sympathetic and aspiring, peaceable and pure. The secret of character is a certain spirit within—Seek first the Kingdom of God which is within you; make the tree good and the fruit will be good. This right spirit within comes by knowing the Father—Pray, and when you pray say “Father in heaven, thy kingdom come; thy will be done here as it is done there. Lead us and deliver us from evil.” The secret of happiness is character; the secret of character is a certain spirit within and that spirit is gained by knowing the Father whom Jesus Christ revealed. There you have it all in a nutshell.

Your surroundings with all the forces they hold have a certain influence, but it is secondary. You have all seen this—two boats sailing in exactly opposite directions with the same wind. The environment was the same

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for both, but one was going this way and the other that. It all depends on the set of the sails and the purpose of the man at the helm. Let the Master of all the ships which sail the high seas of moral effort show you how to rig your boat and set your sails and then under His direction hold the rudder true and you will sail strongly and securely in the right direction, no matter what your environment may be!

*"One ship turns east, and another west
With the self-same winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sails, and not the gales,
Which tell us the way to go.*

*"Like the winds of the sea are the waves of fate,
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the set of the soul which decides the goal,
And not the calm or the strife."*

I have lived long enough to know the devil when I see him. I have seen him going about seeking what he might devour here in this town as he is doing in all towns—and finding it. He has taken many a young fellow from the High School yonder and thrown him

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down in uncleanness and dishonor—the young fellow was too weak to stand up. He has met many a young man in business life and pulled him aside into dishonesty and deceit,—the young man's will went lame just at the wrong time. He has taken the capacity of many a young man for the higher, finer things in his home life, social life, religious life, and squeezed it all out of him,—the man could not seem to resist the encroachment of the lower upon the higher.

Let me say to you right here that not a man of them all needed to go down in moral defeat. He—the same One who said “On this I build”—is able to keep anything committed to Him, honesty, integrity, aspiration for the best! In His fellowship all the nobler interests of your life are entirely safe. You can find Him, know Him, and grow to be like Him if you will, through the worship, the fellowship and the service of the church He came to build.

You need it! If you will honestly feel the pulse of your moral life and take the tem-

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perature of your enthusiasm for righteousness you will know that you need it just as you know that you need food. The young man who sleeps until nine-thirty Sunday morning, then stuffs his mind full of a bulky Sunday paper, crammed with matter hastily written, meant to be hastily read, and still more hastily forgotten, not a line of it above the common-place and most of it fathoms below; then eats a big dinner at one or two o'clock; then spends the afternoon in outdoor sports or social diversion; then devotes the evening to cards or light chit-chat with nothing of spiritual aspiration in it,—the young man who thus allows his Sundays to slip through his fingers with nothing deliberately chosen and wisely adjusted to make him more reverent, more aspiring, more unselfish, more resolute, is not developing the moral fiber he needs. He may or may not become openly immoral in the years ahead, but at best he is so much dead weight to be carried along by the more aspiring elements of the community.

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Take the words of Lecky, the historian, who is as far from being a narrow ecclesiastic as any man you can name—"What institution is there on earth," he said, "which is doing as much to furnish ideals and motives for the individual life by its moral appeal; to guide and purify the emotions through its well-appointed worship; to promote those habits of thought and desire which rise above the things of earth; to bestow comfort in old age, in sorrow, in disappointment; to keep alive a sense of that higher and further world to which we go, as is the Christian Church." You need all that — claim it in full measure, genuinely and steadily by openly sharing in and identifying yourself with its wholesome life!

Take the voluntary testimony of three manly men, — Stanley, the intrepid explorer; Bismarck, the resolute statesman; Stevenson, the splendid writer; none of them by his calling professionally pledged to sound the praises of religion.

Hear Stanley — "Lost in the African jungle,

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constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess myself helpless without God's help, I vowed a vow in the forest wilds that I would confess His aid before men. I besought Him to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with a rapturous joy. I am utterly unable to attribute our salvation to any other cause than a gracious Providence."

Hear Bismarck — "If I were no longer a Christian I would not serve the King another hour. If I did not put my trust in God, I should certainly place none in earthly masters. If I did not believe in a Divine Providence which has ordained this German nation to be something good and great, I would give up my trade as a statesman. Deprive me of this faith and you deprive me of my fatherland."

Hear Stevenson — "Of that great change which decided all this part of my life, turning me from one whose business it was to shirk into one whose business it was to strive and persevere, it seems to me as though it

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had all been done by some one else. I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the helm that Unknown Steersman, whom we call God." These manly men of thought, of action, of high purpose, needed that higher something. You need it. Every man needs it.

The other thing I want to say is—the church needs you. The color of life with you is red—may it be for years to come! We want that shade here. The church whose prevailing color is blue, deep navy blue perhaps, is doomed,—it has already lost its power of appeal to the young, and the end of its usefulness is only a matter of time.

"Religion is not a funeral announcement." There are religious leaders who seem to be always saying—"Let us cry." They have gotten the wrong phrase and the wrong mood. When you begin to talk about faith and God, do not turn the corners of your mouth down. Face all these matters as naturally, as joyously, as genuinely, as you would face any other interest in life.

His Church

This is the time for you to be a Christian and to be putting in the best service of your life. The impulses of the heart are warmer, stronger and readier now than they will be twenty years hence. A man who postpones becoming a Christian until he has one foot in the grave, usually postpones it until they are both there. Do it now! "On this I will build" — and the corner stone of His confidence was consecrated youth!

Here is a word of authority and of experience; it comes from an older man, but it rings true. "I beseech you, men" — brethren, he says, but it is all the same, — "I beseech you men by the mercies of God that you present your bodies a living," — not decrepit, nor diseased, nor half dead, but a "living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God for this is your reasonable service." And so it is! You would feel almost ashamed to go to your Maker offering Him the core of your life, all the best parts of it eaten away by the lapse of unconsecrated years. Bring it with the fullness of its promise and strength upon

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it, saying "Here am I, use me to make the world a better place for all hands."

You say that you are not good enough to join the church. If you mean by that, you are openly or secretly doing what you know is wrong and that you intend to keep on, you are dead right. You are not good enough — we do not want you in our membership. No church does! If on the contrary you mean that you are not as good as you intend to be sometime, that you are striving to conquer temptation, to see your duty steadily and whole, and do it, that you intend to grow at last into that finer, higher manhood you have in your mind's eye, then you are good enough. The church reaches out a long, strong arm to welcome you. On this firm and manly purpose He will build individual character and the better world that is to be.

There is Some One waiting for the response which it lies within you to make at once if you will. My college mate, living now in New York, tells me this story. He knew a man who

His Church

in his boyhood grew tired of home and ran away. He followed the sea and for ten years went before the mast, becoming coarse, hard and brutal. Never once in all that time did he write a letter home. He supposed they would give him up as dead. Finally, homesickness caught him and he resolved to return to his native land. He sailed into the great harbor, and then took a skiff and rowed across to the little inlet where the old home had stood. He wondered if they were all dead. He was ashamed to be seen in the daytime, and waited for nightfall. He then rowed toward the familiar landing, but he saw a light and some one moving on the shore. He did not want to meet strangers, so he pulled out into the bay again. He came back at ten, but the light was still there. He rowed off and waited until eleven, and then came back, but the light was still there and some one was trimming it. He drew near to the shore, and behold it was his father, gray-bearded, weary-eyed, heavy-hearted, who that night and every night for the ten years had placed

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a lantern to guide and welcome his returning son, for whom he had ever watched and prayed.

God is like that! He is a Father and no child is ever lost from the thought of His infinite mind, from the gracious purposes of His loving heart! He waits for the return of every soul coming up to Him in consecration that He may build each life into His gracious plan to make this world a splendid section of His everlasting kingdom!

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The
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By CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN

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